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LONDON dep. 8.45 a.m.	PARIS arr. 12.30 p.m.
LONDON dep. 11.45 a.m.	PARIS arr. 3.30 p.m.
LONDON dep. 2.45 p.m.	PARIS arr. 6.30 p.m.
LONDON dep. 5.45 p.m.*	PARIS arr. 9.30 p.m.

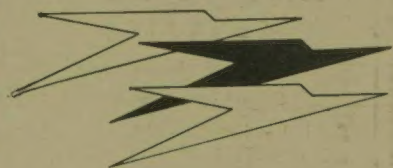
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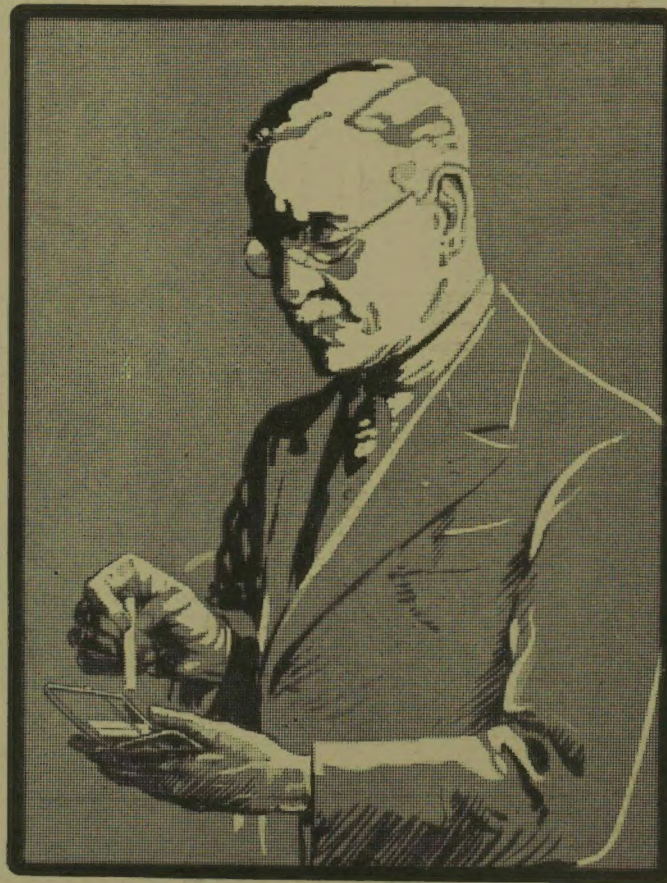
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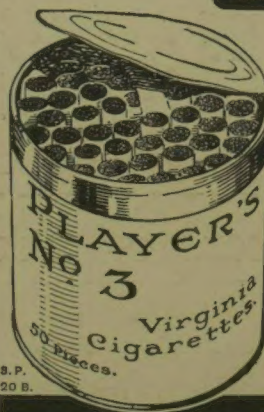
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1934.



**THE GIGANTIC NEW LINER—FAR LARGER THAN ANY PREVIOUS BRITISH SHIP—TO BE NAMED BY THE QUEEN
AT THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY: A BOW VIEW OF "NO. 534" ON THE STOCKS AT CLYDEBANK.**

Some further particulars about the launch at Clydebank (on September 26) of the new Cunard-White Star liner, "No. 534," may be added to those given with drawings of her in our last issue. Before the Queen performs the naming ceremony, the King will make a speech, which will be broadcast. The name

of the new liner is still a secret, and no official figures have been published regarding her dimensions and tonnage. She is far larger, however, than any British ship ever launched hitherto. Her gross tonnage has been conjectured as about 73,000, and, it is suggested, may even reach 85,000 tons.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SHOULD like to add a postscript to some notes I wrote recently here, taking the text of certain fads which are a sort of parody of Paganism; a parody which is, in fact, very unjust to the Pagans. But I am not now interested especially in the particular quarrel about persons who claim to be "noble and nude and antique"; especially as they do not in the least desire to be antique, and do not certainly succeed in being noble. In other words, what interests me is not in any detail of decorum that may be debated, but the general presence and pressure of what is called vulgarity; or, perhaps, to use a yet more exact term, cheapness.

Now I will take a paragraph appearing in one of these new health magazines, and part of an article characteristically called "Joy of the Sunconscious." One of the essential elements in this sort of publicity is a sort of cheap pedantry—

"The dignity of Weston-super-Mare is at stake," said a prominent townsman, discussing the new Lido there. For it had been decided to allow it to remain open on *Sundays—of all days!* "Semi-nude persons lying about do not make a nice spectacle for other holiday-makers walking along the promenade." Ah, dignity, dignity—especially elderly dignity, so close to indignation! It must still have its say. But the other side of the argument was expressed by a member of the Town Council: "The cult of sun-worship has come to stay, and an up-to-date resort might as well make up its mind to cater for its devotees," he declared.

Now what I want such a writer to see, and what he won't see, is that the "other side of the argument," as here stated, is every bit as common, every bit as conventional, every bit as stuffy and stale and third-rate in style and sense of form, as any possible statement of Mrs. Grundy's side of the argument; and a great deal less decent and self-respecting. How can I be expected to believe that sympathy with "sun-worship" makes people proud and free and great-minded like Greek gods, when it makes them praise their own home and native town as "an up-to-date resort"? How can I be converted to the notion that nudism is a nice spectacle, when its supporter's notion of a "nice" piece of English is to talk about somebody catering for devotees? A caterer means a man who provides people with dinner or luncheon; and a devotee means a man who has a devotion to some shrine or saint or divinity, and is often ready to fast for the sake of his faith. To telescope those two terms in the course of four words is something much worse than a mixed metaphor; it is a piece of bad manners. It is not only journalese, but thoroughly degenerate as journalese. How can I be expected to believe that golden boys and girls, as the poets said, are walking with a natural dignity and a noble liberty, on the shores of their own land before the splendour of their own sea, when they think it is quite the thing to label it a "Lido"; because that is the name of a popular cosmopolitan bathing-beach?

What is the place, in the general human hierarchy and history of culture or courtesy, of people who talk as if it were always ridiculous to be dignified, and entirely ridiculous to be old? And, above all, what is to be done with the stupefying stupidity of people who will go on saying, about every novelty and fancy and fleeting fashion, that it has "come to stay"? Here again the august exponent of "the other side of the question" (if I may dare to criticise a member of the Town Council) has tied himself into a knot in the course of one sentence, and entangled himself with two contrary ideas. For whether or no the ideal of being "an up-to-date resort" is on a spiritual level with the devotee of a saint's shrine, or even of a priest of Apollo, it is at least logically obvious that the notion of perpetually altering things in order to be

were much wiser than the new Pagans, about some of the possible consequences of the cult. The Greek poets knew well enough that it does not only involve sun-worship, but sometimes involves sunstroke. I should like to know what really happens to the Rays, and the people who violate so many normal traditions of sanity in order to absorb them. I know what happens to a good many of the people; it makes them very ill. I suspect that a great many of them, who are young and vigorous people, and emerge very well, do it rather in spite of their sun-worship than because of it. Anyhow, any doctor will tell you that the effect of mere indefinite soaking in sunshine is about as hygienic as indefinite soaking in drink. There have been, to my own knowledge, a certain number of definite physical tragedies arising from it. "Is

not even Apollo, with hair and harp-string of gold, a bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?" Swinburne had read the Greek poets; and he at least knew something about the sun.

But I am indulging a wandering fancy, at the moment, not so much about the effect on the body as about the effect on the mind. And I cannot help thinking that if Nudism and the new Apollonian cult really generated such grand and generous and large-minded thoughts, its "devotees" would not be content with incessantly informing us how very grand and generous and large-minded they are; they would give us some of the thoughts, and clothe such thoughts in words that are worthy of them. They are very fond of theoretical comparisons between their proceedings and the ancient Greek dances or the ancient Greek games. But when the ancient Greeks indulged in theoretical comparisons, they did not confine themselves to advertising the sun-cure as if it were a quack medicine. Socrates did not confine his whole conversation to the statement that the sunshine had turned him a beautiful brown; or Plato base his argument upon the proper diet for sun-bathers; or even Pindar celebrate his athletes only by saying, over and over again, that they were athletic. These men

did have large ideas, not merely in the sense that they were loose ideas, but also in the sense that they really were ideas. And I confess I cannot find anything in the utterances of the new gymnosophists that is even new, or that is even ingenious, as an invention of sophists. The sun-worshippers seem to practise no mental art except the great modern art of self-praise; practised even more proudly, it may be remembered, by a certain nation which demanded a place in the sun. At the best, they go in for the sort of higher-thinking which has a way of fading into sheer platitude or repetition; at the worst, they push their cult in the cocksure and commonplace language of the paragraph I quoted at the beginning of this page. Anybody who could print such paragraphs, or quote such testimonials, without some impulse to apologise for them, or at least to smile at them, has not learnt very much in any speculative or spiritual sense merely by staring at the sun.



GREY OWL'S CABIN: THE HOME BY THE LAKE WHICH SHELTERS THE CANADIAN "ST. FRANCIS" AND A LODGE INHABITED BY BEAVER PEOPLE HE PROTECTS.

At the risk of being accused of favouring self-praise, we publish the following extract from a letter sent to the Editor of "The Illustrated London News" by Grey Owl, whose "The Beaver People" will be found on other pages in this issue. He writes from Beaver Lodge, Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan, Canada: "During the past few years I have seen in the pages of your wonderful paper some articles dealing with my work. It is difficult for a man who has lived as I have to find words to adequately express in a proper manner his appreciation of the kind and sympathetic way in which the subject was handled. . . . The understanding of my aims and object, of my attitude towards Wild Life, in fact, all Life, that you displayed could not have been much more exact had you taken a transcription of my thoughts. . . . As I write just now there are ten of the Beaver People lying asleep in their earthen house inside my cabin, and they are snoring heavily, all-oblivious of the celebrity they have achieved by nothing more than their assiduous and unrelenting attention to their own business, a lesson I hope to profit by. It might interest you to know that these creatures built this lodge of theirs against one end of the cabin, over a tunnel that goes underground out into the lake beneath the ice, so as to be near me, bringing in all their materials through the door, which they open of their own accord."

(SEE PAGES 318-319.)

"up-to-date" is itself a contradiction of the idea that things generally "come to stay." If that were so, Sunday would have come to stay, before Sun-worship could come to stay; and decency would have come to stay, before indecency could come at all. This common phrase is only one of twenty signs of a general tone of commonness, which, on the intellectual side, always expresses itself in confused and superficial thinking. I can imagine few things less suggestive of the higher oracles of Phoebus or the Lord of Light.

In fact, I am here afflicted with a sort of chemical curiosity; a rare visitation of the scientific and even medical spirit of enquiry. I should like to know where these great and glorious Sun-Rays really go to, and what they really do, especially to the brain; for, whatever they do, they certainly do not seem to enlarge the mind. As a matter of fact, the old Pagans

NATIONAL IDEALS OF BEAUTY IN MANY LANDS: ASPIRANTS TO THE TITLE—"MISS UNIVERSE."



"MISS DENMARK."



"MISS BELGIUM."



"MISS ATLANTIC."



"MISS GERMANY."



"MISS FINLAND."



"MISS RUSSIA."



"MISS NORWAY."



"MISS POLAND."



"MISS ENGLAND."



"MISS SIBERIA."



"MISS ITALY."



"MISS HOLLAND."



"MISS SPAIN."



"MISS FRANCE."



"MISS HUNGARY."

Beauty is not only in the eye of the beholder, a matter of individual taste, but the ideal varies also among different nationalities. There has again been organised, this year, a world beauty competition for the title of "Miss Universe," and here we portray fifteen claimants representing, respectively, the chosen type of their own country. The preliminary competition for the title of "Miss Europe" will take place at Hastings, during the first week of September, before an international jury composed of one judge for each nation, under the presidency of M. Maurice de

Waleffe. Their verdict is to be announced on September 6. The chosen "Miss Europe," with four runners-up, will then go to America for the "Miss Universe" contest. For the title of "Miss England," eleven girls from various parts of the country recently competed in London, and the choice fell on Miss June Lammas, of Birmingham ("Miss Midlands"), who is shown in our central photograph. In that competition good walking and talking were among the points considered by the judges, in addition to beauty of features.



THE PRINCESS MARINA, THE THIRD AND YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF PRINCE NICOLAS OF GREECE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO PRINCE GEORGE.

On August 29 there was published in the Court Circular the following announcement issued from Balmoral Castle: "It is with the greatest pleasure that The King and Queen announce the betrothal of their dearly beloved son The Prince George to The Princess Marina, daughter of the Prince and Princess Nicolas of Greece, to which union The King has gladly given his consent." Prince George went on August 15 for a holiday as the guest of Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, at their summer home on Bohinjsko Lake, in the mountains of Slovenia, and Princess Marina, who is Princess Paul's youngest sister, was also staying there.

During that time they visited Salzburg for the musical festival. Princess Marina shares Prince George's love of music (he is himself an accomplished pianist), and among their common interests are also dancing and shooting. They first met in London, when the Princess was on a private visit to this country, and they have known each other for five years. Princess Marina is a fluent linguist, and speaks English perfectly. Her father, Prince Nicolas, is a brother of the late King Constantine of Greece, and her mother was the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia. Princess Marina was born on 30 Nov., 1906.—[CAMERA PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.]



**THE PRINCE GEORGE, THE FOURTH AND YOUNGEST SON OF THE KING AND QUEEN,
WHO IS ENGAGED TO PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE.**

Prince George, whose engagement to Princess Marina, daughter of Prince and Princess Nicolas of Greece, was recently announced (as recorded on the opposite page), was born on December 20, 1902, and is thus in his thirty-second year. Like his father, the King, he was trained in the Navy, entering the Royal Naval Training College in 1916. In 1921 he passed out as a midshipman, and afterwards saw service for eight years. In 1929, on account of ill-health, he reluctantly abandoned his naval career, and he was then attached to the Foreign Office to study the work of a State department. Thus Prince George was the

first member of the Royal Family to become a Civil Servant. Later he was attached to the Home Office, as a factory inspector. In 1930 he represented the King in Norway, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Haakon's accession, and subsequently he accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour of South America. During the last three years Prince George has taken an increasing share of the public duties that devolve on the Royal Family, and in the spring of the present year he made an extensive tour in South Africa, visiting also the Belgian Congo and Portuguese West Africa.—[CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.]

AIRMEN'S HEROISM ACCLAIMED BY ALL RUSSIA: THE FLIGHT OF THE "CHELYUSKIN" CASTAWAYS IN THE ARCTIC, WHO WERE RESCUED BY AEROPLANES.



THE SOVIET STEAMER WHOSE LOSS LEFT HER CREW AND PASSENGERS IN A PRECARIOUS POSITION ON THE ICE WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, FROM WHICH THEY WERE RESCUED BY AIR: THE LAST OF THE "CHELYUSKIN."



THE CAMP ON THE PACK ICE: A VIEW OF THE MASS OF FLOES WHICH THREATENED AT ANY MOMENT TO MOVE AND SMASH THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE CASTAWAYS, AND RUIN LANDING-GROUNDS PREPARED WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY.



A CRACK OPENS UNDER THE STOREHOUSE ESTABLISHED ON THE ICE: ONE OF THE MANY DANGERS TO WHICH THE CASTAWAYS WERE EXPOSED WHILE AWAITING THEIR AERIAL RESCUERS.



THE SAME CRACK AFTER IT HAD WIDENED AND BECOME A CANAL; WITH MEN OF THE EXPEDITION ATTEMPTING TO HAUL THE TWO FLOES TOGETHER, IN ORDER TO RECONSTRUCT THE DAMAGED HUT.



MEMBERS OF THE "CHELYUSKIN" EXPEDITION WHO WERE AMONG THE FIRST TO BE RESCUED: MME. BUIKO CARRYING HER SICK CHILD, LEAVING A HUT TO EMBARK ON LIAPIDEVSKY'S AEROPLANE, WHICH HE FLEW FROM THE BEHRING STRAITS.

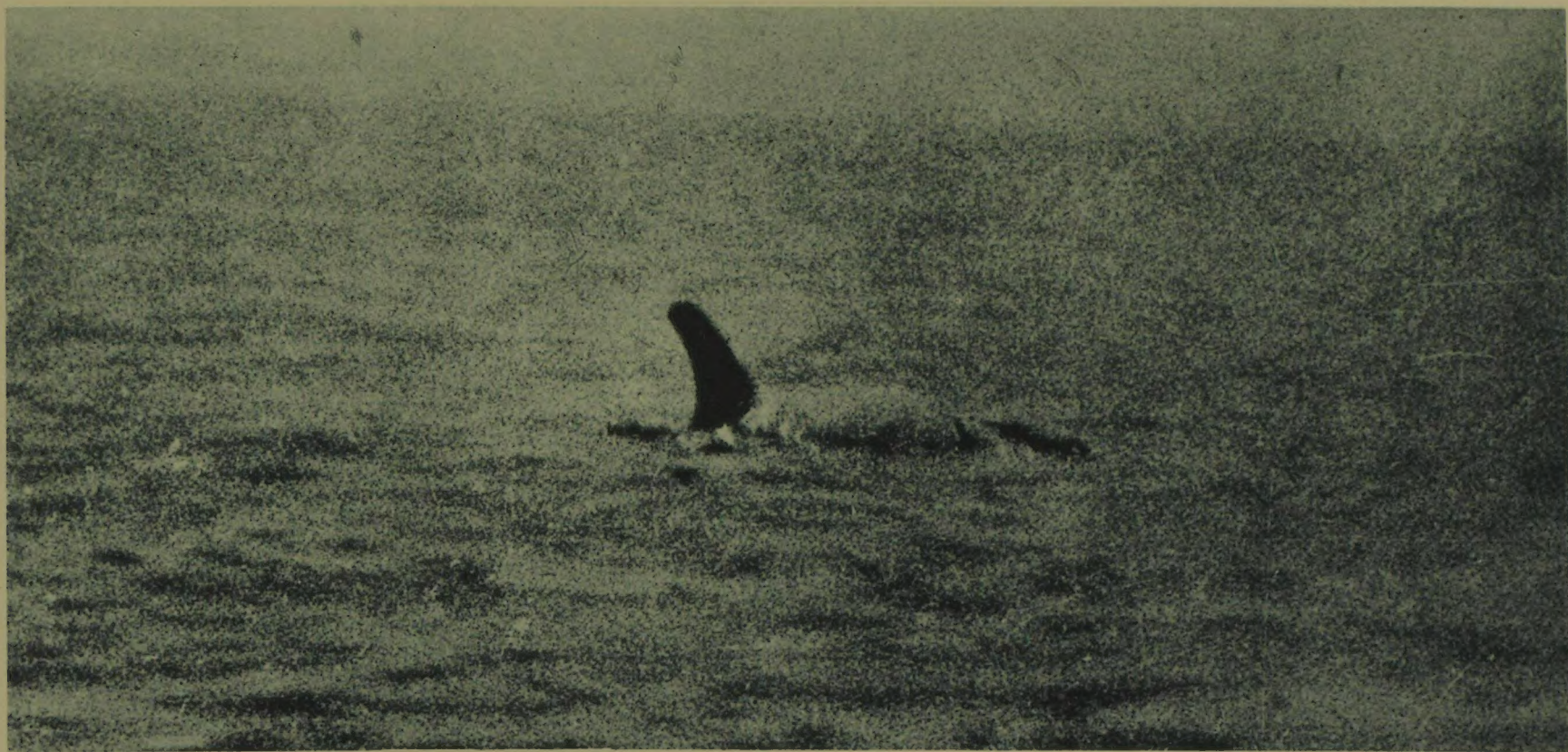


AN IMPRESSION OF THE GLOOMY SCENE WHERE THE CASTAWAYS AWAITED THE ARRIVAL OF HELP: A LONELY FLAGSTAFF ERECTED ON THE PACK ICE TO INDICATE THE POSITION OF THE CAMP.

The Soviet steamer "Chelyuskin," in the course of an adventurous voyage from Leningrad to Vladivostok, passing north of Asia, was caught in the winter ice when nearing the Behring Straits, and sank. Her crew and passengers, a hundred and one persons, including ten women and two children, established themselves on the ice. The only means of reaching them was by air, and, while other machines were on their way, the pilot Liapidevsky, attached to the wireless station at Vellen, managed to rescue the women and children. Two big machines had meanwhile been purchased in the U.S.A. and flown over the Behring Straits

by Russian pilots. These, with the help of a squadron which arrived from Khabarovsk, rescued the remaining members of the party, with only one fatal accident—a most remarkable achievement in view of the appalling flying conditions and the improvised landing-grounds. The daring of the airmen created a great sensation throughout Russia, and it was stated that the order of "Hero of the Soviet Union" would be bestowed upon Liapidevsky, Levanievsky, Molokoff, Kamanin, Slipnieff, Vodopianoff, and Doronin, who all took part in the rescue-work, and that they would also be awarded the Order of Lenin.

"MONSTERS" CAUGHT AND NOT YET CAUGHT: A RECORD TUNNY AND—WHAT?



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER," AFTER AN INTERVAL DURING WHICH IT HAD NOT BEEN SEEN FOR SOME CONSIDERABLE TIME: AN ENLARGEMENT OF A PICTURE TAKEN RECENTLY BY A VISITOR ON HOLIDAY AT FORT AUGUSTUS.



A NEW RECORD IN TUNNY-FISHING: COLONEL E. T. PEEL SEATED BESIDE THE 812-LB. "MONSTER" HE RECENTLY CAUGHT OFF SCARBOROUGH, THE HEAVIEST TUNNY EVER TAKEN UNDER THE SPORTING RULES OF THE BRITISH TUNNY CLUB, AND ANOTHER OF HIS BIG CATCHES (ON RIGHT).

As our readers will remember, "The Illustrated London News" has from time to time published a number of photographs and other illustrations relating to the mysterious "monster" of Loch Ness, and, in view of the great interest still taken in the subject, we now continue the series by reproducing what is, at the moment of writing, the latest addition to its portraits. This photograph was taken a few days ago by a visitor on holiday at Fort Augustus, after the "monster" had for some time remained invisible. Even if there were no other evidence, it might in itself be enough to prove that the loch contains some strange and powerful creature.

A "monster" of a different type was the huge tunny caught off Scarborough, on August 27, by Colonel E. T. Peel, President of the British Tunny Club. This enormous fish, weighing 812 lb., is the heaviest ever caught under the British Tunny Club's sporting rules, and it is the record certificated fish. It was captured after a struggle lasting 50 minutes. Along with it, Colonel Peel brought in two other fish, weighing respectively 641 lb. and 571 lb., and his total bag of tunny this season is at present five. It was he that caught the previous world-record tunny, weighing 798 lb., also off Scarborough, on August 30, 1932.

A PAGE OF SHIPS: MARITIME NEWS OF THE WEEK.



H.M.S. "BOUNTY" SAILS AGAIN: A REPLICA OF THE FAMOUS MUTINY SHIP MADE FOR FILM PURPOSES IN CALIFORNIA.

An accurate replica of H.M.S. "Bounty" has been launched at Wilmington, California, and is soon to sail for Pitcairn Island, where a film of the mutiny is to be made. It was in 1789 that the mutiny occurred on the original "Bounty," Lieutenant William Bligh and eighteen loyal members of the crew being set adrift in the Pacific and eventually reaching Batavia. A party of the mutineers settled on Pitcairn Island.



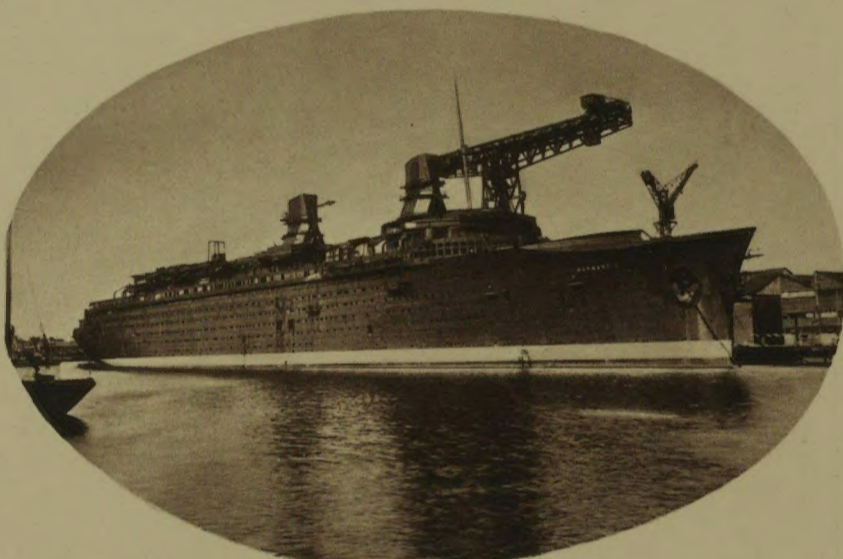
AN AMERICAN CRUISER IN THE THAMES: THE U.S.S. "MINNEAPOLIS" OFF GRAVESEND—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE FOUR SEAPLANES SHE CARRIES AS PART OF HER EQUIPMENT.

The United States heavy cruiser "Minneapolis" arrived off Gravesend on August 25 on a short visit to this country. She is of 10,000 tons displacement, and is one of the most recently completed American warships. She carries nine 8-inch guns and has a speed of over thirty-two knots. In cruisers of this class, according to "Jane's Fighting Ships," the utmost economy has been effected in construction, electric welding having been used extensively and weight saved even to internal aluminium paint.



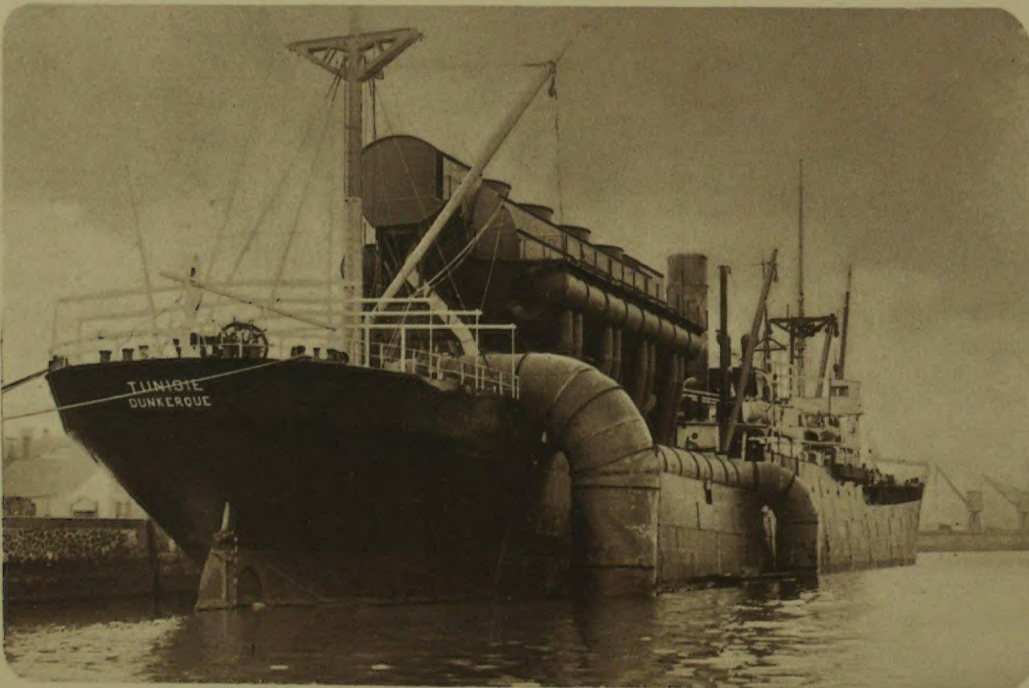
A SHIP PROVIDED AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS AND PIRATES: THE LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "HAI HENG" AT GLASGOW, BY MR. AND MME. QUO TAI-CHI.

The 3500-ton single-screw cargo and passenger steamer "Hai Heng" was launched at Glasgow on August 23, to the accompaniment of explosions from Chinese crackers "to ward off evil spirits." Mr. Quo Tai-chi, the Chinese Minister in London, unfurled the Chinese flag, and Mme. Quo named the vessel. As protection against pirates, the "Hai Heng" has a system of steel grilles subdividing the ship and isolating vulnerable points. Her run will include the pirate zone.



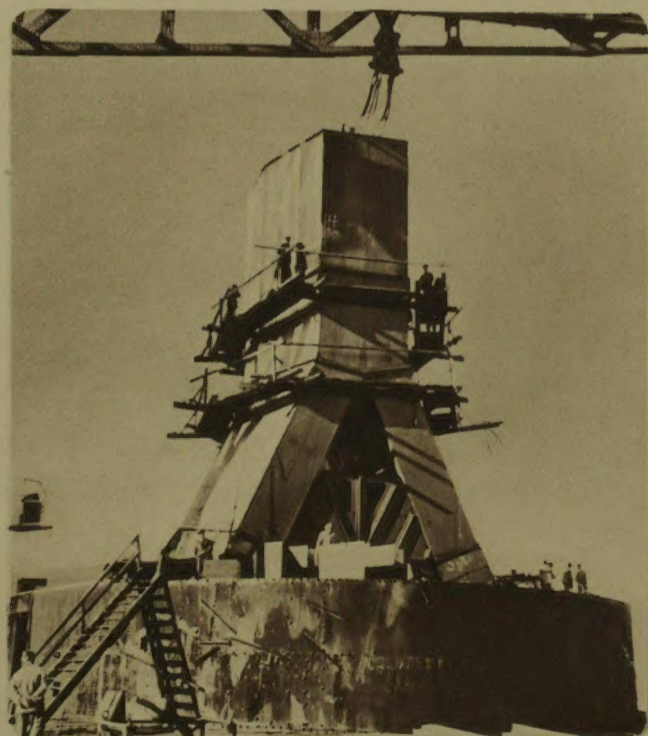
THE STREAMLINED "NORMANDIE," RIVAL OF "NO. 534," NEARING COMPLETION AT ST. NAZAIRE: A LINER WITH A WINTER GARDEN, KENNELS, GARAGES, AND CHAPELS.

Work on the giant "Normandie," of the French Line, is far advanced, and the liner will take her place on the Atlantic service next spring. She will be of about 79,000 tons gross, with an overall length of 1029 feet. The company states that "the façade of the Mansion House, London, turned on end, could pass down any of the three funnels." One of the ship's attractions is to be a winter garden, with plants, flowers, and enclosures for birds and butterflies, under a glass dome on the top deck. There are also to be a dog kennel for over twenty inmates, two garages for cars, and chapels for Protestant and Roman Catholic services.



A BOAT TO MANUFACTURE ICE FROM TROPICAL SEAS: THE "TUNISIE," WITH HER TWO GREAT PIPES OVER THE SIDE, BEFORE LEAVING DUNKIRK.

The French scientist Professor Georges Claude sails soon on a strange mission in a strangely equipped ship. He has transformed the steamer "Tunis" into a sort of floating factory in which he is to visit tropical seas and there try to utilise the thermal energy of the water in manufacturing ice. The equipment includes two great pipes, one of which, our correspondent informs us, will descend 2230 feet into the ocean. Our photograph shows the "Tunis" at Dunkirk before her departure, the two pipes visible along her side.

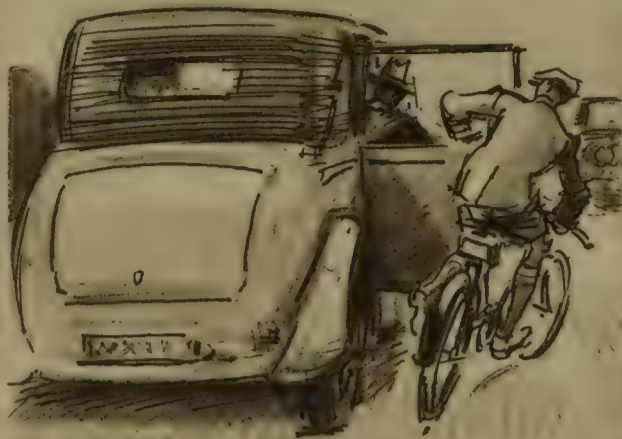


A FUNNEL OF THE "NORMANDIE"—WITH AN EGG-SHAPED CIRCUMFERENCE, THE BROADER PORTION BEING FORWARD: ONE OF THREE, EACH OF ABOUT 64 FT. DIAMETER.

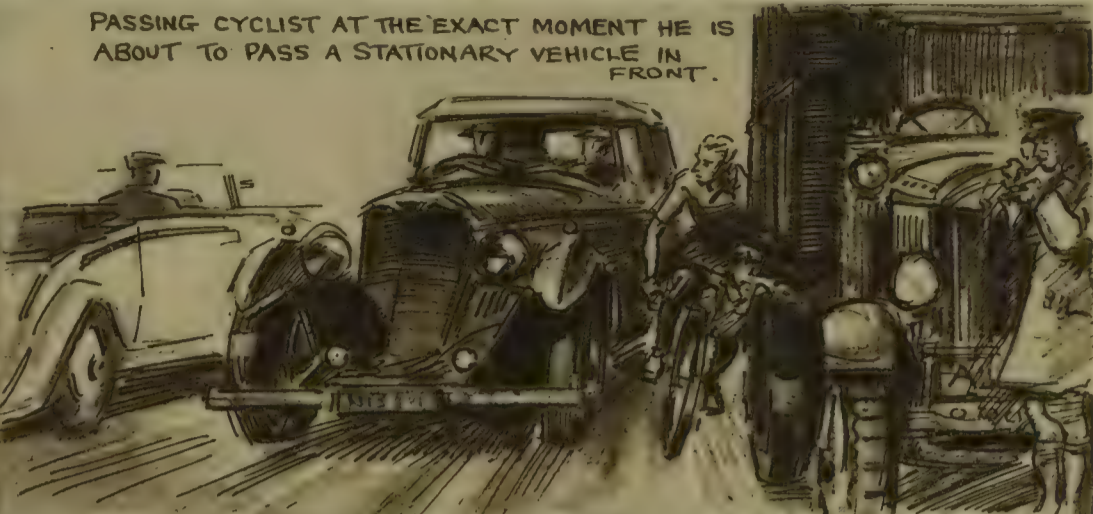
MOTORING DANGEROUSLY: PRACTICES CONDEMNED BY "PEDAL" CYCLISTS.

Drawn by our Special Artist, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

OPENING OFFSIDE DOOR WITHOUT ASCERTAINING IF THE ROAD BEHIND IS CLEAR.

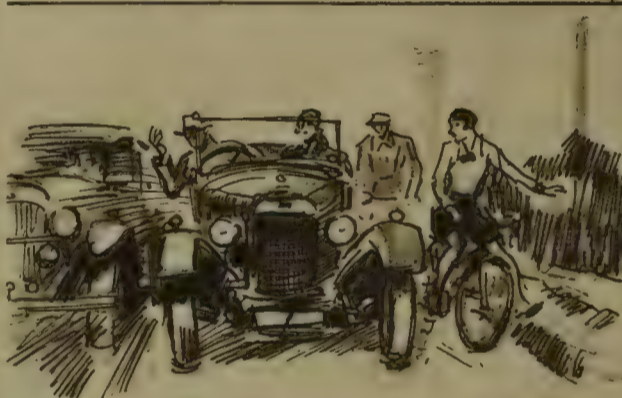


PASSING CYCLIST AT THE EXACT MOMENT HE IS ABOUT TO PASS A STATIONARY VEHICLE IN FRONT.



MAKING A THIRD LINE OF TRAFFIC—THUS JEOPARDISING CYCLISTS COMING THE OTHER WAY.

HARD-PRESSING CYCLIST OVER TO THE LEFT WHEN HE HAS A BAD PIECE OF ROAD TO NEGOTIATE.



PASSING CYCLIST WITH A CLOSE MARGIN IN ORDER TO GIVE CLEAR ROAD TO OVERTAKING CAR, INSTEAD OF WAVING IT DOWN.



OVERTAKING CYCLIST AND THEN TURNING SHARPLY ACROSS TO GO LEFT.

LORRY WITH TRAILER SWERVING IN TOO SOON AND THUS BOXING-UP CYCLISTS.



OBSOURED REAR-LIGHT OF LORRY HALTED BY SIDE OF ROAD—A HAZARD.



DAZZLING HEADLIGHTS KEPT FULL ON.



ONLY ONE HEADLIGHT SHOWING—THUS MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO JUDGE WIDTH OF CAR.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU 34

CAR-DRIVERS WHOSE SELFISHNESS MAY ENDANGER CYCLISTS, TO SAY NOTHING OF OTHER ROAD-USERS: BAD DRIVING THAT IS A PERIL TO THE LARGEST CLASS OF VEHICULAR TRAFFIC IN THIS COUNTRY.

In our issue of August 18 we published a page of drawings by Bryan de Grineau illustrating certain practices of cyclists which may imperil other road-users, as well as the cyclists themselves—practices to which Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport, drew attention after his Bank Holiday survey of traffic conditions. These drawings aroused great interest; and, incidentally, brought forth a protest from a correspondent who suggested certain ways in which, on the other hand, selfishness on the part of motorists may endanger cyclists. Our artist has here

incorporated these suggestions in his drawings, and has added certain others. There are over eight million cyclists in this country. It need hardly be said that, in view of the numbers of cyclists that he meets on the roads, the motorist should exercise every care not to commit such faults as are recorded here; especially as he is driving the faster, heavier, and more powerful vehicle, and the death or injury of the cyclist, rather than of the driver or occupants of the car, is therefore far more likely to result from carelessness on either side.

THE BEAVER PEOPLE.

The Story of Grey Owl, Anahareo,

-By GREY OWL.

and the Beaver McGinnis and McGinty.

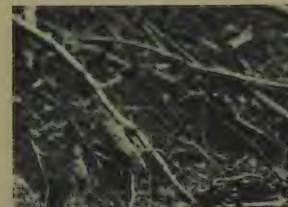
IV.
THE BEAVER GO BALD—ON A TRIP OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

The passions of Grey Owl and Anahareo were two small beaver and a bill at a grocery store; but they persisted in the determination to test Grey Owl's newly-invented and now-called Society of the Beaver People. And, a living had to be made. How? David White Stone, an old Algonquin Indian, from Ontario, told tales of gold—and game and, his wife and the son of the late Touladi Lakes, Indian, spoke glibly and glowingly of the Touladi Lakes. Plans were changed. Dave was left discontented; and Grey Owl and Anahareo, the two men, went to the Touladi Lakes, travelling by train to Canaboo. Grey Owl continues:

We took a complete outfit—canoe, snowshoes, guns, cookery, everything. The beaver went in a tin-lined box, with a dish for water secured in one corner, and we had a large bundle of poplar for them in the baggage-car. When it became necessary to change cars, I carried them in the box on my back, by means of a tump-line. In Quebec City we fed them on the station platform, attracting thereby a large crowd, and there was talk of "wild animals insufficiently caged." We hustled them away from there, and took refuge in a kind of a one-man restaurant, where the waitress in charge kindly offered us sanctuary. A reporter gazed up for our life-history, refused to believe us, and gave as his opinion that we were cleverly masquerading, warning us that there was a law against it. The beaver, restless from long confinement and excited no doubt by the noise, commenced to gnaw at the lining of their box, and only ceased when it was in motion. Finally, they would damage the lining of their box, and the line and walked up and down with them. We crossed the river on the ferry steamer, and while on board I had to stand with the box of beaver on the tump-line, whilst they cried out in long, continuous wails, and scrambled around and spilled water down my back. We drew a lot of attention, some of it unwelcome, but most of it friendly. We got a lot of fun out of watching the expression on the faces of those close to us as they tried, without seeming to do so, to locate the source of the crying. One gentleman, at the time well lubricated, asked us why, in the name of God, did we not let the child out of the box like Christian people.

Eventually we were all safely stowed away on the train again, and this was very little the result of any skill or management on my part, although I belong to that class of traveller who is always very much on hand; and was greatly owing to the kindness to stow away, and the desire to help out that we were to find characteristics the population of the eastern part of the Province of Quebec.

We changed trains again at Rivière du Loup, and, although we swung down south from there, we began to sell a little of our heart's content, and a little of the purple wooded hills, and the glimmer of an occasional lake. We even saw an Indian, but had no chance to speak to him.



I could pity, but not condemn. I had not the right: at the old beaverhouse I had nearly done this very thing myself. "If only they would let us have them," whispered Anahareo. "I just to do in the box with us, inside them, so they wouldn't be so lonely!" "We'll buy them." I turned to the store-keeper: "How much do you want for them?" "Plenty," he countered. "How much you got?" I told him. "Not enough," he said. He had to live too. Anahareo offered to care for them, suggesting shrewdly that they would be worth more if they recovered. This overture also was refused. The merchant led us to the dealer we had met, and would, he stated, be satisfied if the beaver lived until the deal was settled, and they safely on their way. If they then succumbed it would be, he considered, a good joke on the buyer. This, I might add, was a fair example of the ethics of more than a few of the beaver-shop-furniture that the late boom in fur prices had produced.

But the kittens did not live, fortunately perhaps; and, without water, proper food, or care of any kind, one little prisoner was found, on the Sunday morning, lifeless in his bed, and the other lay dead beside a water-pail that he had crawled to for the life-giving fluid that he could not reach. And it seemed to me like very early of desecration when the two little wasted forms that belonged to the clean, sweet freedom of the Silent Places were thrown, dead and despoiled, into a dirty bucket of slops.

And later, as I looked on at the small creatures that were so dependent on me, I knew that never would I sell them into bondage, and that, living or dead, they should be free forever from the hands of man.

They squandered and lifeless on the bottom of their home-pool, with its paw, so much like a hand, clamped in one of my traps. My gesture of sympathy and pity was lost on them. They never began to have a deeper meaning. And let times be never so hard in days to come, rather than to be party to such a scene as I had witnessed in that sordid bootleg joint, I would myself go hungry.

I think it was at that moment that I decided to quit the beaver hunt for good.

have a more revivifying effect on them than food. They had not eaten for a long time; nor, for that matter, had we, in our anxiety. On hearing of this, the train crew shared their lunches with us and helped feed the beaver, and I think, between the beaver and us, they gave away most of their dinner. Thus the noblesse of Old Quebec.

This friendly treatment and the sight of big Tennessean Lake, drained on the opposite shore by a high grey crest that was shaped like an elephant's back and crowned with pine-trees, had a very cheering effect on our spirits. And we learned our destination, we saw stretching from the east shore of the lake, and as far away as the eye could reach, the rolling sweep of a sure-enough, honest-to-God forest.

From Canaboo, a typical French-Canadian village, the four went on to the first camp in-place on the eastern shore of the lake. There was a town near by. Grey Owl was to be thankful for this. He had to persuade some storekeeper to realise that there was such a thing as a having debt—and the beaver went sick. He writes: And now a fresh trouble came into the offing. The beaver went bald, and in a big way. For a long time they had been rubbing and scratching continually, day and night, pulling out their fur by handfuls, and in a short time they were as innocent of hair as a pair of snakes, save for a narrow mane that extended out of reach down the centre of their backs. This gave them rather the appearance of the savannah Indians we saw depicting in the history books. Anahareo's own particular tribe being generally specified. So we gave them the first of all the many names they later had and named them Little Iroquois. However, the matter was serious enough. They became listless, refused to eat, and began to fight shy of water—all bad signs with these animals. We sought the advice of a doctor. It was his opinion that we should feed them no more porridge, as it was no doubt over-heating their blood, in their inactive state, and might eventually kill them. It was but enough they say it. The winter was not far off and they had no coats. The doctor gave us a box of salve, and recommended a well-known medicine that would relieve their condition. He charged nothing for either the advice or the ointment, saying in his precise, scholarly English:

"I am an old soldier. I never take money from any

dollars. And across the lake our two little buddies were waiting in their misery. We had to have it; and, with a courage I had not known I possessed:

"Will you charge it?" I asked. I tried hard to radiate an air of confidence, but felt a good deal like a man waiting for a well-known soldier to step at the end of the fall.

"Mais certainement, Monsieur."

When we returned to camp we found the little beaver as we had left them, sitting pitiful, alert and naked, drooping in their pen. There was none of the protegee gambling with which they had formerly welcomed our homecomings, and when the pen was opened they showed

no inclination to come out of it. Carefully we applied the salve, spreading it over their little scabby bodies. This treatment induced a fresh attack of irritation, and their rubbing and scratching at this served to massage the ointment well into the hide. We cooked up a decession of the tonic.

Beaver are impossible animals to feed forcibly, and we were greatly relieved to find that, after picking up a few tentative handfuls and smelling it, they ate a quantity. Before that day was over they perked up considerably and took the medicated food with relish, and in a couple of days they had regained much of their former good spirits. I have never known anything alive having the recuperative powers these two animals possessed.

From my subsequent experience with kitten beaver, I now realise that, with the heroic treatment that we in our ignorance meted out to them, they should have been treated long ago inside of a month they had their full complement of hair, and it was to be noticed from then on that they were no longer subject to fits of provisosions. But this was later, just now, two trips with a heavily-loaded canoe would have to be made into the woods with our now formidable commissariat, and, as we did not yet know precisely where we were headed for, no further time was to be lost. After giving the convalescents three days to get on their feet, I drew the half of our supplies, and one clear Fall morning we began camp.

And with a touch of frost in the air, a light mist on the water, and with the golden and yellow leaves falling all so much a part of our lives that I think no sum of money, however large, would have tempted us. They now weighed about eight pounds apiece, but were not up to normal weight, as they had been of exercise, swimming especially. But their teeth had not suffered on this account, and, having outgrown their tin-lined box, they had become very much more comfortable in their new quarters. One while we were crossing a lake they opened up their receptacle, spilling out into the lake, and we had to lose nearly half a day waiting until they were pleased to give themselves up.

As snow already lay on the ground and ice was beginning to form in sheltered spots, we could not afford any loss of time; and we hit an entirely new idea. We put them in the tin stove we had, an oblong box-like arrangement without an oven, lashing the lids on tightly with the straps of the gunnysack. We fed them through the stove-pipe hole, out of which the load, long, and well-known call would issue from time to time. This expedient was a success. The beaver were so comfortable that we so far devised, so they reamed the surrounding walls all night while the stove was in use, and in the daytime, when it came time to move, they disappeared, and we simply a part of the regular load. They got to look on this as their routine, going obediently into their tin house and settling down for their breakfast buds. And so this device they the doctor most kind saved for their lives.

(To be Continued Next Week)

A BEAVER SWIMMING AHEAD OF GREY OWL'S CANOE IN CANADA—A FRIENDLY PARTNERSHIP THAT REMAINS UNBROKEN WHILE LONG DISTANCES ARE COVERED.

The first instalment of "The Beaver People," which we published last week, told how, through their bewilderment, Grey Owl and Anahareo, his wife, found themselves together in two hidden beaver. At first, they felt as though they had caught a pair of white elephants! They were accustomed to trapping and to trafficking in fur; not to peddling. But the beaver were very much at home, very friendly, very confident, very like children: a little noisy, a little naughty, but with a human appeal that could not be denied. They were independent, bold, and in due time, when they had passed from the tin house to the portable stage and were wearing their "hands" expertly, they would tramp sedately down the water trail—always to return home, to sleep in their box or under their protection. Thus it was that the beaver became a man and a woman of the wilds and creatures of the wild who were once their quarry. Grey Owl goes on:

III.
THE BEAVER ON THEIR TRAVELS BY CANOE, PORTAGING, AND DURING A LONG TRIP OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY—BEAVER TRAPPING.

Towards the middle of the summer it became necessary to go out to the railroad to confer with others of my calling on the possibilities of the coming winter. On this journey, whilst in the canoe, we let the beaver run loose, as they were not able to climb out of it. On the portages they great danger to the canoe and dangled from the sides of the inverted canoe. One of these carries was two miles in length, and they cried the whole way, while mosquitoes settled on their faces. Having no longer a boat, at camping grounds we hung them up in the bag near a tree to keep the mosquitoes from them; so they were, at times, pretty well swathed. They slept nearly all the time and ate nothing, but, arrived in fair shape, except that they were a little groggy. An Indian who came to see them said they were dying, but, as hour or two in the water restored them. It was now necessary to confine them both day and night, owing to the presence of a multitude of idle sleep-dogs that formed the larger part of the population of the village. They expressed their disapproval of this treatment by promptly eating their way out of everything we tried to keep them in, so that they had me busy providing boxes which lasted, if they were good, one night.

Another trip had yet to be made back to the trapping camp for some equipment that remained there, so we left the beaver in the care of a friend, who looked them carefully into an outhouse built of logs. We returned a few days later with our load, and, as soon as we disembarked, Anahareo went to visit the beaver, whilst I remained, immediately as to the stove, to obtain a good strong box for them, as we expected to board a train that evening. I was met on my way back by a pale and distraught Anahareo—the beaver were gone! They had eaten through the timbers at the thin place where two logs rested one on the other, and had gone on a tour. Our friend was greatly distressed at this loss, knowing how we relied them. He muzzled a beaver dog, an animal especially trained to hunt these animals, and set out to trail them down. I commenced to comb the surrounding woods, covering the

"The Beaver People," which we are publishing in instalments, is attracted from Grey Owl's new book, "The Victims," which will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Lovat Dickson.

The young of most animals, as a protection against predatory beasts, are odorous.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH Germany has of late held the centre of the stage in the drama of European politics, it seems possible that the Balkan scene, at present in the background, may sooner or later develop a tense situation. One or two books that I have been reading about the Balkans give the impression that this part of Europe, always of the "distressful" type, is a seething mass of discontent. The various races are so distributed in shreds and patches, and inextricably mixed up with other uncongenial if not openly hostile peoples, that it would be difficult to re-draw the Balkan map on lines satisfactory to every racial element. No sooner is one arrangement of frontiers replaced by another than the second is found to be more troublesome than the first. Balkan politics, indeed, suggest a kind of St. Vitus' dance in their feverish and tortuous gyrations. Europe will be lucky if some new "Sarajevo" does not, sooner or later, set the spark to another conflagration.

One Balkan country, Yugoslavia, has lately come into the current news for other than political reasons; for one thing, from the fact that the Belgian stratosphere balloonists came down just within its borders, and also from the announcement a few days previously that Prince George, in an aeroplane belonging to his brother, the Prince of Wales, had flown from Le Bourget across the Alps and other mountain ranges to stay with the Yugoslavian royal family at Bled, in the mountains of Slovenia, and later with Prince Paul, a first cousin of King Alexander, at his summer home beside Lake Bohinjko. There is a charming account of these districts and their inhabitants in "THE NATIVE'S RETURN." An American Immigrant Visits Yugoslavia and Discovers His Old Country. By Louis Adamic. With forty-two illustrations (Gollancz; 2s. 6d.). This volume had the distinction of being chosen by the Book Guild and recommended by the Book Society. The author is a native of Carniola, formerly a small Slovene province of Austria and now incorporated in the new Yugoslav State. He was of peasant origin, but at the age of fourteen, in 1913, he emigrated to the United States. Later, he became an American citizen, served in the American Army during the war, and, returning afterwards, married an American girl. As a writer his interests were entirely those of his adopted country and he almost forgot his early home. Then, two years ago, he was awarded a Fellowship involving a year's sojourn in Europe, and at his wife's suggestion decided, somewhat reluctantly, to revisit his native land, with which for nineteen years he had been out of touch.

Mr. Adamic gives a delightful picture of country life in this part of Yugoslavia, and the description of his meeting with his parents, brother and sisters, and other relatives, and of his revulsion of feeling from indifference to re-born affection, has a note of moving sentiment. He found himself, much to his surprise, acclaimed as a literary lion who had won celebrity beyond the seas, and everyone made haste to kill the fatted calf in his honour. In Lublyana (where, by the way, Prince George landed after his air journey) Mr. Adamic was greatly impressed by the local enthusiasm for culture and the flourishing state of the book trade. Describing a party at a novelist's house, he tells how he was bombarded with questions about American authors and American affairs in general. "I answered questions (he continues) from 9 in the evening till 3 the next morning. . . . There were ten days of this sort of thing; and opera, theatrical performances, and concerts. Gradually I realised what I had dimly known in my boyhood, that, next to agriculture, Slovenia's leading industry was culture." Lublyana, indeed, appears to be a paradise for authors and publishers. This devotion to things of the mind contrasts strongly with the rural conditions in some other localities of which the author gives an interesting account. He describes, for example, many curious customs and superstitions of the peasantry, their picturesque costumes, and the social subjection of women, who do most of the heavy work, especially in Bosnia, Macedonia, and Montenegro.

All this part of the book has a freshness and fascination that is very compelling, and the photographs of landscape and native life are some of the best that I have seen in book illustration. There is a darker side to the picture, however, in the author's attacks on the administration, particularly in relation to the grievances of the Croats and Slovenes. This phase of the book, I fear, will hardly commend itself to the

powers that be. They will appreciate more, perhaps, his tribute to the Yugoslavian capital. "Belgrade, to my notion," he writes, "is one of the most interesting cities, not only in the Balkans but in Europe. . . . It is new practically from top to bottom; busy, bustling, and noisy. It is, so far as I am aware, the only considerable 'boom' city in contemporary Europe, and in my belief destined eventually to become one of the world's important centres." Its present greatness is entirely of recent growth, for, as the author adds, "No other city, with the probable exception of Liège and Verdun, suffered more in the world war than the capital of Serbia." While denouncing dictatorships and Fascism, M. Adamic sees hope for the Balkans in the Soviet system, apparently disregarding the assertions of many

lack only purchasing power to initiate the greatest industrial boom of the 20th century."

Mr. Tiltman is at one with Mr. Adamic in his objection to the existing scheme of things in Yugoslavia. On this matter, of course, I have no personal prejudice, but it is a reviewer's duty to report what an author has to say. "In 1919," we read, "the Croats, together with other races, were incorporated into the new nation of the Southern Slavs. The fifteen years which have passed since that event have brought to the Croats, and all other minorities within 'Yugoslavia,' the bitterest disappointment with which any people have been confronted in post-war Europe. Not only have all promises of regional autonomy been falsified by the event, but the Croats have seen their country and their people dominated by a race which, despite a great history and undoubted fine qualities, has been reared in the traditions of the police state, and lags a century behind them in everything which makes for civilisation."

In his concluding chapter, summarising the general position and outlook of the peasantry in Eastern Europe, Mr. Tiltman stresses the fact that the first thing they desire is Treaty revision, as an essential preliminary to the attainment of political freedom and social betterment, and he gives an interesting outline of the revised map of Europe which he considers should result. "The peasants of Eastern Europe," he points out, "were never consulted when the maps of the post-war Europe were being drawn at the Versailles and other peace conferences. To the peasants, the revision of the treaties is not a political question at all, but an act of elementary justice. They realise the strength of the forces arrayed in defence of the *status quo*; they know that the fight may be long; but they know also that the end is not in doubt, and that the existing frontiers have 'put back the clock' in Eastern Europe for two generations."

As the political conditions of Yugoslavia are attributed in Mr. Adamic's book partly to French policy, it is interesting to compare his picture of rural life there with a chapter describing "the countryside" in "THE HEART OF FRANCE." Parisian, Provincial, and Peasant. By George Slocombe. With Introduction by the Marquess of Crewe. Illustrated (Selwyn and Blount; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Slocombe portrays the French peasantry as rather more sombre folk than they appeared to me during bygone holiday rambles in Normandy and Brittany. Otherwise I am greatly taken with this book, for it evidently springs from a deep love and knowledge of France, tempered with candour, and it has a distinction of style which is appropriate in a description of what the author calls "the most highly civilised country in the world," and famous for the beauty of its prose.

Timely reading about the royal air-traveller mentioned above is provided in a lavishly pictured little volume entitled "WITH PRINCE GEORGE THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA." Written and Illustrated by F. Leslie Burch, Official Photographer of the Tour (Methuen; 6s.). This is a plain and unpretentious account of the author's own experiences, revealing the vicissitudes that befall a photographer in his efforts to be always on the spot at the right moment. While it contains nothing very intimate about the Prince himself, it shows his tireless energy and his geniality to those around him. It has a permanent value also as a concise record of his 21,000-mile journey, with full pictorial accompaniment.

Several other attractive travel-books, some touching various parts of Central Europe, must be reserved for later discussion. These are—"BAVARIA THE INCOMPARABLE." By H.R.H. Princess Pilar of Bavaria and Major Desmond Chapman-Huston. With sixteen Drawings by Princess Pilar (Cassell; 10s. 6d.); "TYROLEAN SUMMER." By Owen Hamilton. Illustrated (Williams and Norgate; 8s. 6d.); "TO PORTUGAL." By Douglas Goldring. Illustrated (Rich and Cowan; 12s. 6d.); "GREEK SEAS." By Eric Muspratt. Illustrated (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.); and "THE DIABOLICAL." By H. H. McWilliams. Illustrated (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.). The last-named work is further described in the sub-title as "An account of the adventures of five people who set out in a converted Ford lorry to make a journey from Palestine to England across Asia Minor and the Balkans." In this light-hearted motoring Odyssey there is abundance of entertainment. C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

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Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

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observers that dictatorial rule is much a similar in Russia as elsewhere and equally inimical to freedom of thought or speech. In view of his allegations of post-war oppression, there is a certain irony in the Serbian inscription (quoted in the book) on a tablet in Sarajevo—"On this historic spot Gavrilo Princip on St. Vitus' Day, June 28, 1914, heralded the advent of Liberty."

Another significant book, written from the same political point of view, but covering a much wider field of inquiry, is "PEASANT EUROPE." By H. H. Hessel Tiltman. With forty-seven illustrations (Jarrolds; 18s.). Mr. Tiltman describes and discusses agricultural conditions not only in the Balkans, but also in Austria, Poland, and the Ukraine. Like Mr. Adamic's book, it is the result of travel and observation, but the author's individuality is less prominent, and his record is for the most part impersonal. At the outset the political and economic importance of Europe's neglected tillers of the soil is forcibly emphasised. After giving statistics of the enormous quantities of foodstuffs they produce, the author continues: "Without the strong right arms of these inarticulate millions there could be no war. . . . The peasant millions represent the one undeveloped reservoir of human needs still existing in Europe. Short of everything which industry can produce, from farm tractors and kitchen ranges to hats and plates, the peasants

"THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS": A SEASONABLE SERIES OF BLAMPIED DRAWINGS.

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"THE GENTLE RIVER."

We here continue our new series of Blampied drawings, in which that artist, who has been called "The English Daumier," devotes his talent for kindly satire and detailed observation to the portrayal of our nation enjoying the long, hot days of summer.

We showed first the delights of the beach, and then the rich and poor passing their idle moments in several ways. Here are seen depicted two different techniques in the art of *dolce far niente* in summer time.

A SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE REVOLUTIONARY EMPEROR: JOSEPH II." By S. K. PADOVER.*

(PUBLISHED BY CAPE.)

JOSEPH II. OF AUSTRIA, Holy Roman Emperor and supreme master of all Central Europe in the late eighteenth century, is an unusually interesting monarch in modern eyes, and this very discerning study of him comes opportunely at a time of social trial and error. His brief reign, the end of which coincided with the French Revolution, must have seemed to his contemporaries a mere parenthesis, violently interjected and wholly irrelevant; but it was a parenthesis in which the twentieth-century observer sees a profound significance.

Joseph was the fervently awaited son of Maria Theresa. His education was conceived in the same spirit as Albert's and Stockmar's education of Edward VII.; yet it appears to have accorded with his own disposition, and instead of revolting against it, he seems to have gained something from it. His intellectual equipment, though harsh and dogmatic, was considerable, and he developed a surprising originality of outlook for a prince bred in his tradition. From the beginning he took himself and his responsibilities with a painful solemnity—easy enough to mock at, but not altogether unnatural in a ruler who could (unhappily for himself) view dispassionately the true condition of his vast, heterogeneous domains. Laughter fled his lips, like a thing rebuked and ashamed, though he was not lacking in a sardonic wit of which there are many examples in this volume and which often arrests the attention by its asstringent quality. If there was ever any lightness in him, it was extinguished by early experiences. Had his first wife, Isabel of Parma, whom he loved, lived to share his burden, he might have been a gentler and a wiser man; but she died after three years of married life, and her daughter died at the age of nine. His second wife, Josepha of Bavaria, a well-meaning but unattractive woman, he frankly detested, and it was a matter of indifference to him when she, too, succumbed to smallpox two years after her marriage. Women thereafter played no part in Joseph's life; renouncing all joy, he faced his task with a grimness which made it even more formidable than it was. Men win their way to heaven by Grace, but they win their way on earth by graces: and of graces Joseph was barren. A French noble said of him: "He was a man more surprising than admirable, more singular than rare, more amiable than attractive, more brilliant than solid, and more extraordinary than great... in a word, he possessed a thousand fine qualities which are of no use to kings."

Made co-regent with his mother, he soon realised that he had scarcely an idea in common with her, and that so long as she lived he was impotent to effect any of the projects with which his mind already seethed. Maria Theresa had scarcely breathed her last before he embarked, with a devouring industry which he maintained to the end, upon a programme of reform probably more sweeping than any European ruler before him had undertaken or even contemplated.

It is astonishing to consider how far this eighteenth-century sovereign, embodiment of powers and privileges which now seem to us to belong to a dead world, was in advance of his age, and how much he attempted in nine years (1780-1789). In an age when religious toleration was not only distasteful, but was regarded as a positive betrayal, he established freedom of belief at one stroke by his Edict of Toleration. The Church was the most strongly entrenched institution in the land, and it was a vast structure of scandals and abuses; Joseph attacked it frontally and stormed it by shock-tactics. He braved the wrath of the Vatican, and would not have stopped short at a second Canossa; the Pope, not daring to risk such a crisis, took the unprecedented step of visiting the Austrian Court to reason with his rebellious son. The Pontiff left Vienna empty-handed and outwitted, and this was the sole diplomatic triumph of Joseph's career. The Emperor abolished—not without inconvenient consequences—the tyrannical censorship of literature, and his views on freedom of thought and expression would startle certain Continental statesmen of our own day. To us, who had grasped the nettle two hundred years earlier, Joseph's dissolution of the monasteries may seem to have been an obvious measure of reform, especially when Mr. Padover reminds us that in the Austrian lands there were 2163

monasteries with 65,000 inmates, that the value of the property was estimated at three hundred million gulden, and that the Church owned three-eighths of the land in Austria. But Joseph's campaign against the monasteries was by no means easy in eighteenth-century Austria—indeed, it constituted not only an ecclesiastical, but an economic revolution. Nothing, however, was impracticable to Joseph II. He purged the administration. He codified and reformed the confused and stagnant Austrian laws; he introduced, most daringly, a criminal law which recognised no distinction between classes and which contained many innovations in an age of primitive penology. He suppressed not only torture and barbarous punishments, but even the death penalty itself; he abolished the crime of witchcraft, and made duelling plain murder; and in the civil sphere, besides innumerable reforms in detail, he deprived the Church of its monopolistic jurisdiction over marriage. He was completely indifferent to the furious

an arrangement whereby the vast majority of the population lived in abject misery and under crushing burdens in order to maintain a handful of nobles in conditions of luxury frequently amounting to quite insensate extravagance. Joseph, with one gesture, swept serfdom away, and by a new and rational system of taxation he "literally destroyed feudalism in Austria." It is true that before he died he had to revoke his reforms in Hungary, where the Magyar nobility (who always hated his Germanism) proved too strong for him; it is also true that he had not been dead three months before his successor restored the old order in Austria; but the process of emancipation had been given a precedent, and nothing could prevent its final victory.

Why did this enlightened prince fail?—for fail he did, and grievously. He failed partly because he attempted too much in too short a time, and partly because there were fundamental contradictions in his creed.

In the first place, he coveted the wholly inappropriate rôle of a military conqueror; and the moral earnestness which he drove almost to death in internal policy he quite omitted in the pursuit of his unattainable foreign ambitions. He intrigued for the iniquitous partition of Poland, though he atoned in some measure for that cynical transaction by greatly improving conditions in Galicia. He set his heart on the acquisition of Bavaria and the partition of Turkey, and these objectives involved him in a perpetual game of diplomacy with Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia. He was no match for the two most astute monarchs of Europe, who fooled him to the top of his bent. As a politician and as a soldier, he was equally lacking in skill and in luck.

Secondly, as Mr. Padover points out, his reforming zeal was incompatible with his tenacity to the principle of absolute monarchy. He made the common mistake of supposing that because autocracy was benevolent, it was necessarily justified; and forgot that its benevolence in one instance did not deprive it of its immense powers of mischief in others.

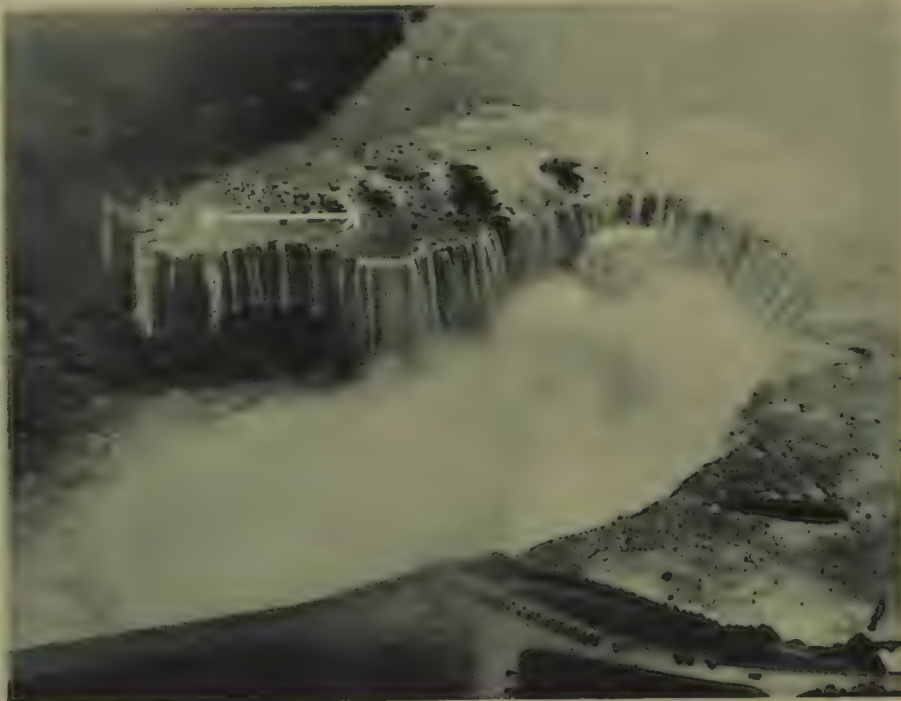
And finally, Joseph, like all who would compel others to be happy, omitted one important factor from his scheme for human improvement—namely, humanity. There has never been a more striking example of machine-made welfare than the indefatigable good works of this Benthamite-before-Bentham. "Edict followed edict with lightning rapidity. At the end of the ten-year reign there were six thousand decrees, and over eleven thousand new laws, filling eleven hundred and forty-seven folio pages. Every conceivable and inconceivable matter was regulated, legislated for, rearranged, and prescribed. The emperor was trying to create a rational, mechanised state, soulless and will-less, but one that should function like some monstrous well-greased machine." It is not surprising that those whose "greatest good" was so relentlessly fostered did not always appreciate their advantages. "Good God!" cried Mirabeau, when he heard of Joseph's project for child education, "even their souls are to be put in uniform!"

Joseph died at the age of forty-eight, after long and racking illness, which he had never allowed to interfere with his labours. This was the reward of his life-work: "He was defeated in every undertaking; the Turks beat him in the Balkans, Hungary was on the point of revolt, Belgium had revolted, and in all his States there was hunger and despair...."

Mr. Padover has looked deep into the character and circumstances of this most unhappy monarch. Scholarly research is not allowed to diminish the attractions of an easy, assured, and often entertaining style. The portraits of outstanding personages, and especially of Kaunitz, are very well done, and in its description of the social conditions of the age the book is strong, and should be found of unusual interest by a large number of readers.—C. K. A.



NIAGARA AS IT WAS BEFORE THE RECENT FALL OF ROCK: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING BOTH THE AMERICAN FALLS (LEFT) AND THE CANADIAN FALLS (RIGHT), WHERE THE ROCK FELL.



NIAGARA AS IT IS AFTER THE FALL OF SOME THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK—A LINE SHOWING WHERE IT FELL: THE CONTOUR OF THE CANADIAN, OR HORSESHOE, FALLS SLIGHTLY ALTERED.

On the morning of August 13 thousands of tons of rock, worn away by the force of the cataract, fell from the crest of Horseshoe Falls, near the American bank, into the Niagara River. It was reported that close on 200 ft. of rock broke away. The limestone fell in huge blocks, visible in our lower photograph, where they now lie at the foot of the falls. The beauty of the Canadian Falls is thought to be enhanced, a new "horseshoe" developing within them. In 1931 a heavy fall of rock occurred at the American Falls. Until then it had been thought that erosion there was negligible, and that it was proceeding at a decreasing rate at the Canadian Falls. Both beliefs are now shaken, but the power facilities are not yet disturbed.

hostility which these and many similar measures aroused.

The Jews were relieved of their heavy disabilities; education was made not only general but compulsory, and even the education of women was promoted. But Joseph went much farther than any of these reforms, unprecedented though they were; he struck at the whole order of society. In its simplest terms, that order of society amounted to

* "The Revolutionary Emperor: Joseph the Second. (1741-1790)." By S. K. Padover, Ph.D., Research Associate in History, University of California. (Jonathan Cape; 2s. 6d.)

THE CHALLENGER AND THE TESTED DEFENDERS:
THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—"ENDEAVOUR" AND THE AMERICAN COMPETITORS.



"RAINBOW": MR. HAROLD VANDERBILT'S NEWLY BUILT YACHT CLOSE-HAULED ON THE STARBOARD TACK—AND CARRYING A DOUBLE-CLEWED JIB COPIED FROM THAT OF THE "ENDEAVOUR" SUCH AS "WEETAMOE" AND "YANKEE" ADOPTED LATER.



"WEETAMOE": MR. FREDERICK PRINCE'S YACHT, WHICH WAS ELIMINATED AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP ON AUGUST 25, RUNNING WITH A VAST SPINNAKER OF 17,000 SQUARE FEET.



"ENDEAVOUR": MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH'S CHALLENGER FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP, WHICH WILL MEET THE SELECTED DEFENDER IN THE CUP RACES IN SEPTEMBER—THE FIFTEENTH CHALLENGE, A MORE PROMISING ONE THAN EVER BEFORE.



"YANKEE": THE YACHT OWNED BY A BOSTON SYNDICATE AND ENTERED BY THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, WHOSE RIVALRY WITH "RAINBOW" FOR THE HONOUR OF DEFENDING THE "AMERICA'S" CUP WAS OF THE KEENEST.

The "America's" Cup races are due to begin over courses off Newport, Rhode Island, late in September, and there was intense excitement over the rivalry of "Rainbow," "Yankee," and "Weetamoe" for the honour of defending the Cup against the challenge of Mr. Sopwith's "Endeavour." "Weetamoe" was the first to be eliminated. On this page we give photographs of the challenger tuning up in American waters, and of the three tested defenders. "Rainbow" is a newly built boat belonging to Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, who steers her himself. She is seen winning a race from "Yankee" on August 17, a performance which did much to hearten her supporters after a series of successes by "Yankee." It is particularly interesting to note that she is carrying a double-clewed, or quadrilateral, jib—a

type of headsail evolved by Mr. Sopwith after long experiments and tried with success by "Endeavour" in home races earlier in the summer. Mr. Vanderbilt has also been impressed with "Endeavour's" triangular boom (diagrammatically illustrated in our last issue), and has ordered a similar one for "Rainbow." The yacht "Yankee" is owned by a Boston syndicate and is sailed by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, a former Secretary of the U.S. Navy. Like "Weetamoe," she is an older boat, having been built in 1930 to help ward off Sir Thomas Lipton's last challenge. "Endeavour" is having preliminary trials against Mr. Gerard Lambert's yacht "Vanitie," a boat not eligible to defend the Cup, but one that has been racing this summer against the three other American defenders.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE GREATER BIRD-OF-PARADISE, AND THE KING BIRD-OF-PARADISE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

[HAVE just been reading a most interesting report by Lieut.-Commander C. E. R. Alford, of the present status of the Greater Bird-of-Paradise on Little Tobago. The expert ornithologist will know that this most wonderful bird is not indigenous to this island, for it is a native of New Guinea and the Aru Islands. But some may remember that more than forty years ago—in 1890, to be quite precise—the late Sir William Ingram, an intense lover of birds, alarmed by the persecution these birds were suffering at the hands of plume-hunters, conceived the idea of transporting a sufficient number of one species at least, to form a good breeding-stock, to the island of Little Tobago, which was his property. His choice fell on the Greater Bird-of-Paradise. Having set his mind on this project, with his characteristic energy he lost no time in seeing it carried into effect, and a start was made with twenty-four pairs, which were safely transferred and released on the island, since very appropriately renamed "Ingram Island."

Happily, Sir William lived long enough to see the fulfilment of his fine venture. But soon after his demise, in 1924, his sons presented the island to the Government of Trinidad and Tobago, on condition that it should be kept as a reservation for these treasures, which were to be properly cared for. Commander Alford's report shows that this undertaking has been faithfully kept. Twice a week a party of men, we are told, go over from "Speyside," on the main island—from which it is separated by a channel 2½ miles wide—to carry supplies of water, which is drained from bottles, by a syphon system, into bowls, the natural water-supply being regarded as insufficient; and at the same time they give whatever

from June to December, might it not be possible to ensure a fairly stable water-supply by capturing some of that which, of necessity, must drain down the steep sides of the valleys? Large pools, if necessary with a cemented floor, might be constructed in one or two places at no great

as could be, the tropical forest from which it came. This bird frequently displayed. And he gave a long and most graphic description of the whole performance in the pages of the *Ibis*. This display is seen illustrated here. The vivid fervour which pervades the description of this display

renders a condensation of his account here impossible. Moreover, I recounted this on this page at the time.

The flank feathers, of a delicate ash-grey, are here also elongated, and when erected form a great circular shield with an outer band of buff and emerald green, while the white breast-feathers, shimmering like spun glass, are made to form a smaller shield, partly covering the larger behind it. Above will be seen two discs supported on slender stalks. These are tail feathers and the discs are of a dark emerald-green, with a metallic gloss. During the display, as seen here, they look like two balls, and, being kept in constant movement, give the effect of being tossed from side to side. This part of the display was hence called by Sir William, the "juggling."

But for the fact that this species is more difficult to capture, a few pairs would doubtless

have been turned down in the Ingram Island sanctuary. As it is, ornithologists are well content with what has been done, and most of us are looking forward to the visit of some fortunate observer who will be enabled to describe to us the full display as seen when the birds are under no restraint. No European has yet been able to witness this.



INGRAM ISLAND; OR, LITTLE TOBAGO: THE ISLAND PURCHASED BY THE LATE SIR WILLIAM INGRAM AND ESTABLISHED BY HIM AS A SANCTUARY FOR A NUMBER OF PAIRS OF THE GREATER BIRD-OF-PARADISE.

In our photograph, the steamer "Trinidad" is seen lying in Speyside Bay. Special arrangements have been made to see that the Birds-of-Paradise in the Ingram Island sanctuary are properly provided with water and suitable food.

Photographed by Lieut.-Commander C. E. R. Alford.

cost, to serve as reservoirs. But these birds are by no means dependent on the fruit supply for their maintenance, for insect life is plentiful. Termites, spiders, cockroaches, centipedes, and so on, abound, and there are, besides, snails.

There is one further point about the water-supply that is worth noting. Many years ago, a "hermit" sought seclusion on this island. He was a thoughtful hermit, for he took with him some cocks and hens. Whether he died there, or whether he changed his mind and sought the company of his fellow-men in some great city, I know not. But his fowls remained behind and ran wild. They seem to have flourished exceedingly. It would be interesting to know what breed he took with him, and how far they have reverted to the original, jungle-fowl type. But this by the way. The point here is that these aliens, like the Birds-of-Paradise, have held their own, but with no artificial water-supply. So far as I know, Birds-of-Paradise are not more thirsty birds than domesticated fowls. Hence, then, if the natural water-supply suffices for the one, it will probably also suffice the other: so that if, at some future time, water can no longer be ferried across to the island, the probability is that Sir William's finely-conceived experiment will live as a monument to the memory of a great bird-lover.

As yet no one seems to have discovered what may be described as the "dancing-place" used by the male Birds-of-Paradise on Tobago during the courtship period. If and when this is done it will be far easier to study the nature of their courtship than in the wilds of New Guinea. Indeed, this has never been witnessed by any European. All the information we have on this was gleaned by Alfred Russel Wallace from the natives during his exploration of New Guinea for natural-history specimens. Wallace tells us that in the Aru Islands the males of the Greater Bird-of-Paradise species, to the number of twenty or more, assemble in certain of the largest forest trees to hold their "sacaleli," or dancing parties. The performance begins with quivering wings and loud cries. Then the wings are suddenly raised and the gorgeous, golden side-plumes are thrust upwards to form a quivering cascade over the body, which is held perfectly motionless for about twenty seconds. Then each bird, in a sort of frenzy, commences to hop wildly backwards and forwards along the bough, with head bent down, the wings spread horizontally, and the side-plumes raised to their fullest extent. For some seconds each remains in this position in a sort of ecstasy. The climax reached, each reverts to its normal attitude.

That this account is substantially correct is confirmed by the display of a captive Greater Bird-of-Paradise in the "Zoo," described by the late Mr. Ogilvie Grant. As yet we do not know whether these displays are made, as in the case of the black-cock, in the presence of the females. This is a point which may yet be cleared up for us by the birds on Ingram Island.

The Birds-of-Paradise, of which there are many species, displaying a most amazing diversity in the matter of their ornaments, had a peculiar attraction for Sir William. And I remember well the delight he showed, many years ago, in introducing me to a captive King Bird-of-Paradise, which had the run of a great conservatory, resembling, as near



THE BIRD WHICH ENJOYS A SANCTUARY ON INGRAM ISLAND: THE GREATER BIRD-OF-PARADISE (PARADISEA APODA), WHICH WAS IN DANGER OF BEING EXTERMINATED IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS IN NEW GUINEA AND THE ARU ISLANDS, WHEN SIR WILLIAM INGRAM TRANSPORTED TWENTY-FOUR PAIRS TO AMERICA.

Photograph by W. S. Berridge.

attention is necessary to the fruit trees planted to increase the birds' food-supply.

When I first read of these precautions I was a little perturbed. For, naturally, the question asserts itself as to what would happen if, by unforeseen circumstances, these weekly visits became impossible. Would the colony survive? It probably would, for the birds by now must have got thoroughly acclimatised and able to find, even in the native fruits, quite palatable food. For the island, some 450 acres in extent, presents an abundance of palms, trees, shrubs, and creepers. The beautiful silver thatch-palm grows both in the deep valleys and on the hillsides, while the "clammy cherry" and cactuses provide at least some fruits; and the wild banana, with its boat-shaped flower sheaths, and the *Bromeliaceae*, which cling to the trees, are also water-bearers. Bananas and pawpaws were introduced on the foundation of the colony to supplement the wild fruits. But since the rainy season lasts



THE FULL DISPLAY OF THE KING BIRD-OF-PARADISE: THE GREY FLANK FEATHERS FORMING A CIRCULAR SHIELD, WITH AN OUTER BAND OF BUFF AND EMERALD GREEN; THE WHITE BREAST FEATHERS SHIMMERING LIKE SPUN GLASS; AND (ABOVE) THE TWO TAIL FEATHERS TERMINATING IN DISCS OF DARK EMERALD GREEN WITH A METALLIC GLOSS, WHICH ARE KEPT IN CONSTANT MOVEMENT.

Drawing from the living bird by G. E. Lodge; and reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" in 1907.



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Cloud-Shapes that People the Airman's Solitude: White, Glistening Cumulus; and Lowering Thunder-Cloud.

IN Dr. Manfred Curry's valuable book, "The Beauty of Flight," in which the photograph seen here is reproduced in monochrome, the author notes: "The commonest form of cloud, doubtless familiar to everyone from its characteristic form, is the cumulus, or 'wool-pack,' cloud. Who has not observed these rounded masses of glistening white cloud, which in fine weather adorn the blue sky, generally in the form of isolated balls of cloud? . . . Cumulus clouds originate as follows: The morning sun heats first of all the atmospheric stratum nearest the earth. It is thus rarefied and rises. The ascending air, highly saturated with water vapour, is subjected to a lower air pressure the higher it ascends, and it therefore expands. It thereby loses a portion of its total heat. As it is now further cooled, owing to its entrance into the higher and colder atmospheric strata, it is supersaturated with moisture and forms clouds. The irregular heating, generally due to irregularity of the ground, causes individual portions of air to ascend irregularly, so that there is also a lack of uniformity in the condensation of the air—which is partly supersaturated with water vapour—and thus cumulus clouds are formed. . . . That it is, in fact, mainly the ascent of rapidly heated air over the earth's surface that brings about the formation of cumulus clouds is apparent from the fact that, on sunny days, no clouds are formed over water, or, at least, cloud formation takes place there much later. While, for example, innumerable white cloudlets rest over the shores of a lake, there is unclouded blue sky over the lake itself. We observe the same phenomenon on sea-coasts, for example, when flying the Channel. . . . The most powerful ascent of a local mass of air is observed in the formation of thunder-clouds. Here also the process is the formation of typical cumulus clouds, but of the largest dimensions. Ascending higher and higher, the peaks of the cumulus break through one atmospheric stratum after another, and assume the form of 'turrets' (as in the accompanying photograph). While the whole of the upper portion of thunder-clouds when seen from the ground is generally concealed by the base—and is therefore seen by few—an aeroplane can fly round the turrets and the pilot can closely observe the progress of the thunder-storm throughout its entire vertical extension. . . . The individual turrets are often hidden by falling rain. . . . But something else is also seen—something which has puzzled many a scientist in the past. Over the summit of many cumulus clouds there is a structure which appears like a sickle when observed laterally, and like a veil when seen from above, the form being suggestive of a hood. These clouds, which are also termed 'caps' (or false cirrus), consist of raised strips of clouds or the remains of a lower cloud stratum that have been carried upward with the turrets. They are said to be produced also, independently, by the atmosphere lying above the ascending cumulus not giving way rapidly enough, so that it is carried with the latter beyond its condensation boundary. This veil, consisting chiefly of ice crystals, may either rest above the individual cumulus peak in the form of a curved sickle, or may be pierced by the cumulus, i.e., it may surround the cumulus. Frequently also it lies extended at great length, like a strip of fog over a sea of cloud."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN ALFRED
G. BUCKHAM, F.R.P.S.



ASCENDING CUMULUS TURRETS WITH "HOODS", AND THUNDER-CLOUDS SEEN RISING (ABOVE), WITH ICE CRYSTALS BEING FORMED.

"Woolpacks" that are Valuable to Birds and to Pilots of Gliders.



CUMULUS CLOUDS RISING: "WOOL-PACKS" WHOSE UPWARD TENDENCIES ARE UTILISED BY BIRDS AND GLIDERS SEEKING TO GAIN HEIGHT.



CUMULUS; AND (ABOVE, RIGHT) LENTICULAR ALTO-CUMULUS—THE FORMER RISING EVENTUALLY, PERHAPS, TO BECOME THUNDER-CLOUDS; THE LATTER TRAVELLING AT GREAT HEIGHTS, BETWEEN NINE AND EIGHTEEN THOUSAND FEET.

Writing of cumulus ("wool-pack") clouds, in his book, "The Beauty of Flight" (from which the photograph on the preceding pages is reproduced), Dr. Curry notes: "These so-called 'fine-weather clouds,' which appear to be heaped up on their upper surface and to be flat beneath, travel at moderate

heights (three to nine thousand feet), and generally at good speed. . . . Birds and gliders utilise the upward tendency of individual parts of cumulus clouds by working up higher along their edges. On hot days certain large cumulus clouds frequently penetrate several atmospheric strata."

CRABS PLAGUE CHRISTMAS ISLAND: THE SWARMS AT FLYING FISH COVE.

DURING a visit to Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean, officially known as Flying Fish Cove, as it was, I believe, discovered late last century by H.M.S. "Flying Fish" and named after that vessel, I was fortunate, or unfortunate, to be there on business during what is known as the crab season. This season lasts for about eight or nine weeks, and is divided into three definite phases. The common red land crab chooses the end of the year for its breeding season, and during the first phase the male crabs come down from the jungle and prepare resting-places for the females who will shortly follow, carrying their spawn. The resting-places prepared by the males are shallow holes in the ground. On the north side of the island is the cove from which it derives its name. This cove is about two miles across, with a pebble beach, and the foreshore goes back about 200 yards to high, wooded cliffs. On the foreshore the few white inhabitants and a small tribe of Malays have their bungalows and huts, and are, therefore, in the direct line of the crabs. The cove provides one of the most suitable beaches for the crabs, and it seems that the majority congregate there. Before the males come down, very few crabs are to be seen near the bungalows, but later it is almost impossible to move for crabs. The males are very industrious for the first two weeks, digging holes and lining them with scraps of grass and twigs. After about a fortnight the females begin to arrive, and one wonders if there could be so many crabs. Everything in the gardens within reach is stripped, and the plague is now in full swing. The chickens and ducks which are kept for food are no longer edible. Nor are their eggs, as the birds chase the female crabs and feed on the spawn, *(Continued opposite.)*



LAND CRABS UNDER THE PALMS AT CHRISTMAS ISLAND, IN THE INDIAN OCEAN: A PLAGUE OF INNUMERABLE CRUSTACEANS WHICH SWARM FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE SHORE, WHERE THE FEMALES DEPOSIT THEIR SPAWN IN THE SEA.

which gives a very unpalatable taste to their eggs and flesh. During this second phase crabs seem innumerable. Their bright red shells can be seen everywhere, and one has difficulty in walking, especially during the night, when greater numbers are about, as they seem to object to the heat of the sun. Soon the females move into the edge of the sea and deposit their spawn. We know then that the weather will be fine for the next six weeks. It is an infallible sign, and it is very curious that the crabs sometimes wait only a few days, but at other times for two or three weeks. When they have deposited their spawn, the females gradually wander back to the jungle, and the congestion is relieved. Watching the spawn hatch is interesting. The small crabs look very like scorpions in the water, with their tails and tiny pincers. Everything that can get at them feeds on them. There is a great gorge by every sea creature that can get into the shallow water, as well as by innumerable birds. At the end of six weeks the third phase begins, and for days there are tiny crabs everywhere. They make one wild dash for the jungle, and the whole of the foreshore is bright red with the ground covered to the depth of an inch or so with tiny, struggling creatures, each no larger than a threepenny piece. They go over the top of one another, straight on with a fixed purpose, not deviating for anything—straight through the bungalows, over the rafters, dropping off all the time into food, clothes, beds, and everywhere. One is amazed at their tenacity of purpose. Tens of thousands die by the way, and tens of thousands get through—truly a wonderful natural exhibition. This, then, is the end of the third phase. The males drift back to the jungle, and life returns to normality. H. SMITH.



THE SHORE ALIVE WITH CRABS WHICH COME DOWN FROM THE JUNGLE—THE MALES TO PREPARE RESTING-PLACES FOR THE FEMALES; THE FEMALES TO LAY THEIR SPAWN IN THE SEA: A RED-SHELLED LAND SPECIES, WHICH PERIODICALLY SWARMS OVER THE HUMAN SETTLEMENTS ON THE SHORE OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND.

The World of the Theatre.

THE LEITMOTIF.

THE justification of borrowing this title from the musician's definitive terms is that we have no exact English equivalent, for the expression, "leading motive," suggests a theme, a story, a unifying piece of structure. Wagner employed the leitmotif in a deeper and richer conception, for in his connotation it is a movement of the spirit, a dynamic pulse which beats within the drama. It is something distinct from architectonics, from the tramlines of plot or the direction of discussion. It is an activity below the surface, and its function is not to unify but to isolate. Being human, we have not the calculated precision in either our speech or action of machines. Structure alone, demanding absolute obedience to its necessities, makes the play a chess-board with king, queen, knights, bishops and pawns moved as pieces to a planned conclusion. Discussion alone reduces dialogue to exchange of opinion and the characters into mouthpieces. Both secure unity, but it is the determinism of imposed authority. The leitmotif is the vitality which drives, out of its own momentum, the characters to shape their own ends. It individualises them so that their separate lives become so personal that not only are we concerned with their careers as we know them on the stage, but their history before and after. It is the energy which enables us to know men and nature, and to distinguish beneath the pattern which is perishable the substance which is imperishable.

The first and not the least of Mr. Vincent Lawrence's achievements in his play, "Sour Grapes," at the Apollo, is that he reveals, until the very end of the first act, the imaginative power to evoke this vitality; for here were wife, husband, and lover in the eternal triangle but not mere puppets dancing to a set tune. These are human beings, not shadows, not types, not tracings off a pattern. They are neither villains nor heroes, and their financial and social position makes no matter. They stand in true

standardised in triangle plays. It is skilful in its contrivance and slick in its manoeuvre, but there is nothing here to extend the dimensions. When Napoleon said, "*C'est l'imagination qui gouverne le genre humain*," he was thinking of France, but his words express a truth. The playwright's



"SOUR GRAPES," AT THE APOLLO: JIM MILBURN (ROGER LIVESLEY; LEFT) IS WELCOMED BY HIS FIANCEE (JUDY GUNN), WHO IS UNAWARE THAT HE IS IN LOVE WITH ALICE (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS), THE WIFE OF JACK OVERTON (NICHOLAS HANNEN).

"Sour Grapes" is a *drame à quatre*, with some very piquant situations. When Jack Overton learns that his wife, Alice, is about to run away with his friend, Jim Milburn, he realises that he no longer feels any affection for her. Surprisingly, however, there is no "set to partners," and the couples are the same at the end as at the beginning.

imagination is displaced for an interlude by mechanics; when, suddenly, the play, recovering its original genius, leaps to life again. The lover, played with fine distinction by Mr. Roger Livesey, who gave, while the action permitted, a performance

a tramp steamer in the China Seas. There is a surface excitement—not that boding power which Conrad could authentically create—stimulated by a story revolving round a bold, resourceful, heroic captain, a whining, black-mailing coward, a mutinous crew, and a smooth-tongued, brutal rogue of a pirate with a virtuous, romantic lady, as well as five blue pearls thrown in; while a farcical missionary and a comic spinster provide the humorous relief. It may be fustian, but it certainly is not dull, and the players, headed by Mr. Franklin Dyall, Mr. Barrie Livesey, and Mr. Barry Sinclair, play with such zest that we are not concerned with anything but the next twist of the tale and the next startled surprise before the inevitably happy ending is reached.

Miss Gertrude Jennings comes to the theatre with a lively observation, a sharp, ready wit, a neat sense of situation and a bubbling effervescence of good spirits. She takes a mirror to the superficialities and by skilful distortion and emphasis in the true comic spirit, titillates us into smiles. "Family Affairs," at the Ambassadors, however, is neither farcical nor facetious in its description, though it is enriched by the amusing cartoon of Aunt Amy by Miss Athene Seyler, and the admirable bombastic son of Mr. Archibald Batty. Despite its sparkling artifice, which is so entertaining—especially when in the hands of such a capable company—and its incongruous admixture of romantic and farcical elements—for the son splendidly portrayed by Mr. Gyles Isham is hardly flesh and blood—the strength of the piece lies in the portraiture of the old grandmother. Miss Lilian Braithwaite moves from mood to mood, establishing genuine feeling, and her art wins our unqualified praise. She brings to the text a co-ordination that is not there and so draws the semblance of a lovable but possessive old lady. The play does not dig deep, but it delights, and is a successful piece of the theatre. After all, the first end of the theatre is to entertain, and the old proverb on which Montaigne wrote his first essay, "*Par divers moyens l'on arrive à pareille fin*," sums it up. Miss Jennings has written another comedy that will fill many an evening most pleasantly, for she guarantees admirable entertainment.

G. F. H.



"QUEER CARGO," AT THE PICCADILLY: VIBART, THE PIRATE (FRANKLIN DYALL; LEFT), THREATENS MYERS (BARRY SINCLAIR; KNEELING) WHILE THE CAPTAIN AND PASSENGERS OF THE TRAMP STEAMER TRY TO RESTRAIN HIM.

The other characters seen here are (l. to r.) Charmian Warren (Mary Brackley); the captain of the steamer (Barrie Livesey), who alone knows where the pearls which Vibart is hunting for are hidden; the Rev. James Travers, a missionary (Robert Hale); and his sister (Drusilla Wills).

dramatic conflict in their isolation. Drama is nearer statuary than painting. The husband and wife, once lovers, disfigure that passion is now dead. The lover of his lover's wife finds it burns with an uncontrollable fire. With sympathy and understanding for each, they hold our attention. There are certain human relations and emotions, profounder, touching the core of reality more closely in the complex web of everyday happenings, which it is the playwright's privilege to penetrate. That the eternal triangle has been so often debased and exploited without any regard for truth, does not alter the fact that, without doubt, it is near the summit of this hierarchy. It is the tragedy of ideal affection, and the dramatist's power to create the illusion that these three people on the stage are shaping their own destinies makes us eager to know what will happen. The potentiality of mankind resides in the problem. It has so far been brilliantly presented. Beneath the accessories and etceteras, which are the shell of living, we are face to face with people who talk and behave like human beings—citizens of eternity. Beneath the lineaments we see three separate souls in a situation tense with prospective revelation.

But Mr. Lawrence has not the courage or the vision to face the truth of his characters, and to permit the leitmotif to take them where fate bids without interference by him in the cause of theatrical effect. These people, who had lived, became puppets, exchanging badinage and displaying demonstratively dubious affection in a drawing-room. He drops in this second act to the level of that provoking inverisimilitude which convention has

instinct with genuine feeling, had, by an unconvincing move, disappeared. Husband and wife now stand in the arena with a dead love between them. Can nothing be done? Can cold ashes be blown into flame? A new sincerity, a desperate determination, a resolution that even yet the miracle might happen, expresses itself in the sensitive defiant anguish of Mr. Nicholas Hannen's study of the husband suddenly aware of what had been lost. And there is a rare beauty and a delicate apprehension behind the courage which the wife displays, and Miss Constance Cummings so wonderfully reveals, as husband and wife join hands to defy the mocking gods. The play is ended, but the drama has just begun. The solution to the problem has been "vignetted"—shading off into that infinity still to be defined.

There is nothing of that inner leitmotif in the theatrical adventure at the Piccadilly, where a "Queer Cargo" board

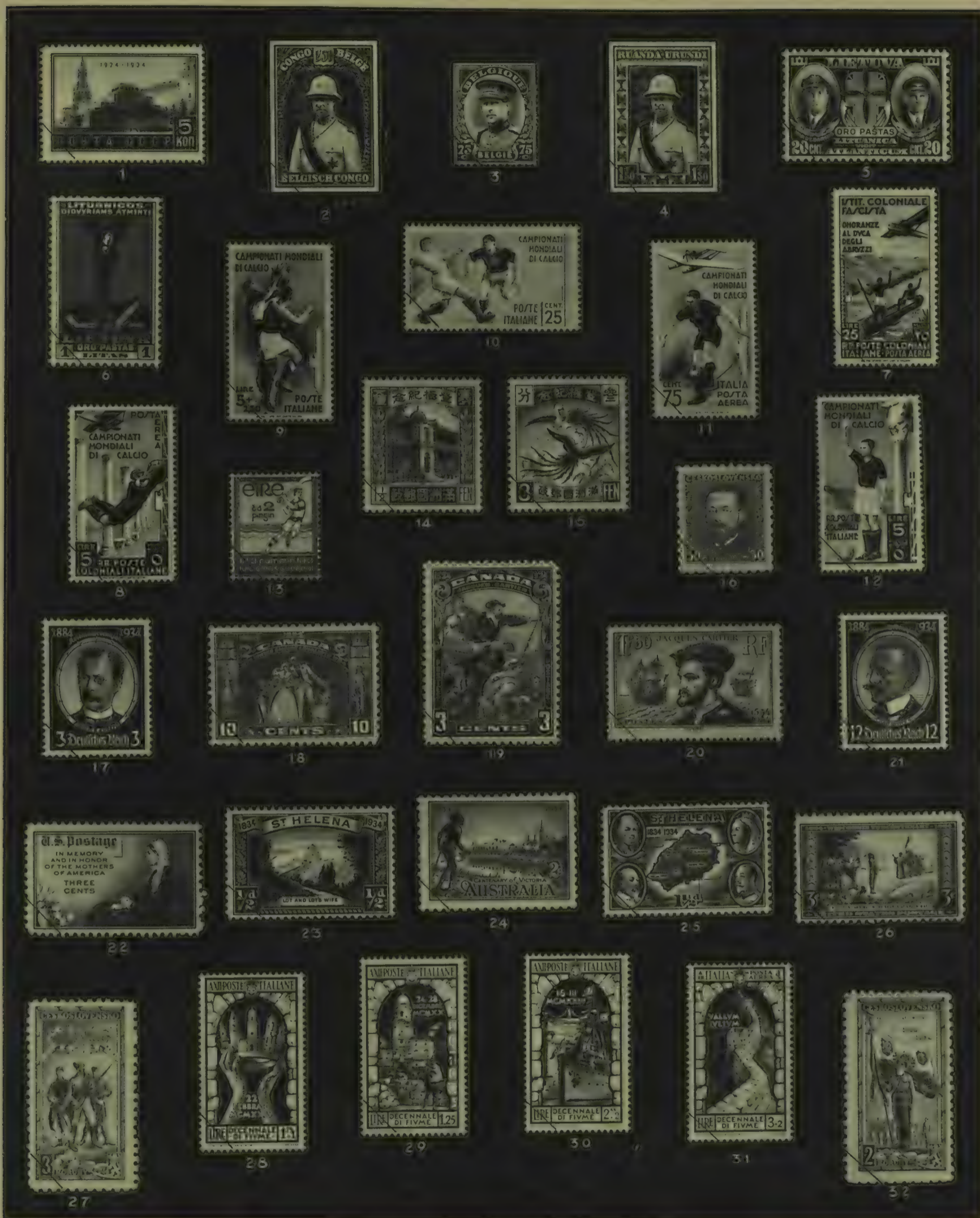


"FAMILY AFFAIRS," AT THE AMBASSADORS: LADY MADEHURST (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE; THIRD FROM LEFT), WITH HER SON HERBERT, AND HIS WIFE (L. TO R.); HER SON HARVEY; THE SECRETARY; HER GRANDSON'S WIFE, ROSE; HER GRANDSON; AND HER SISTER, AMY.

Lilian Braithwaite takes the part of that humorous but self-willed old lady, Lady Madehurst. Although her sons and daughter and grandchildren spend most of their time shielding her, it is she who eventually extricates them from the entanglements, great and small, in which they find themselves involved. Athene Seyler plays the part of a deplorable old Aunt Amy, whose misplaced good intentions bring on the dénouement of the play. The others seen here are (l. to r.) Archibald Batty, Clare Harris, Jack Livesey, Margaret Lockwood, Lesley Wareing, and Robert Eddison.

COMMEMORATIVE PHILATELY: STAMPS FOR EVENTS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

STAMPS COURTEOUSLY LENT BY MESSRS. STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, STRAND.



1. Russia. Fifteenth anniversary of Lenin's death. Lenin Mausoleum. 2. Belgian Congo; 3. Belgium; and 4. Belgian Occupation of German East Africa. Three mourning stamps for the late King Albert. 5 and 6. Lithuania. Commemorating dead Transatlantic flyers, Darius and Girenas. 7. Italian Colonies Anniversary of death of Duke of the Abruzzi, coloniser and explorer. 8 to 12. Italy and Italian Colonies. Celebrating International Football Championship. 13. Irish Free State. Gaelic Athletic Association Golden Jubilee. Hurley player. 14 and 15. Manchukuo. Enthronement issue. Hsingking Palace and Phoenixes (sacred birds). 16. Czechoslovakia.

Fiftieth anniversary of death of Smetana, the composer. 17 and 21. Germany. Colonial propaganda issue. Luderitz and Karl Peters. 18. Canada. United Empire Loyalists. 19. Canada. Fourth Centenary of Cartier's discovery of Canada. 20. France. Fourth centenary of Cartier's discovery of Canada. 22. U.S.A. "Mothers' Day." Whistler's portrait. "My Mother." 23 and 25. St. Helena. Centenary of British colonisation. 24. Australia. Centenary of Victoria. 26. U.S.A. Wisconsin tercentenary. 27 and 32. Czechoslovakia. Twentieth anniversary of Czechoslovak Legion. 28 to 31. Italy. Tenth anniversary of annexation of Fiume.

We continue here our series of reproductions of postage stamps, of which we have from time to time given many pages covering a great variety of subjects. The present group comprises a number of special stamps issued in various countries to commemorate important events and anniversaries. The commemorative stamp is rare in Great Britain, but, not unknown in the Dominions and Colonies. Canada lately issued a new one for the 150th anniversary of New Brunswick. During

the present summer, it has been pointed out, there has been almost a craze abroad for the production of such stamps, many of which have great historical interest as well as artistic quality. Besides those illustrated, Germany has issued stamps in connection with the Saar plebiscite and the Nazi party congress; Russia to commemorate Arctic rescues; Belgium for the 1935 Brussels Exhibition; and Norway on the 250th anniversary of the birth of Ludvig Holberg, the dramatist.

MISSING BRITISH EXPLORERS: LAKE RUDOLF.

FACTS ABOUT A LITTLE-KNOWN EAST AFRICAN INLAND SEA WHICH BEAR ON THE FATE OF THE MISSING CAMBRIDGE EXPLORERS.

Two members of the Cambridge Expedition to Lake Rudolf and the Rift Valley, Dr. Dyson and Mr. W. H. D. Martin, who had gone over to explore Höhnel, or South Island, in that lake, were recently reported to have been missing for so long that the leader of the expedition, Mr. Fuchs, had decided, on Aug. 14, to carry out a personal search for them. An aeroplane was also chartered in the endeavour to locate the lost men, who, it was at first thought, might have been marooned on Höhnel Island. Anxiety was increased by the report that a pith helmet had been found floating in the water in another part of the lake. After another aeroplane had returned without finding anything, on Aug. 21, little hope remained. Abandoned camping-spots were observed on Höhnel Island. An article describing Lake Rudolf and its islands and the tribes living in the neighbourhood, together with illustrations, appeared in our issue of Jan. 6.

THE news that two British explorers—Dr. W. S. Dyson and Mr. W. H. D. Martin, members of the Cambridge Expedition to Central Africa—were missing on an island in Lake Rudolf caused considerable anxiety. The expedition has spent the last eight months surveying and studying geology in the little-known section of the Great Rift Valley of Kenya bordering on the Sudan and Abyssinia, in which Lake Rudolf lies. Dyson, formerly of Trinity College, is naturalist, and Martin, who was up at Oxford, is one of the surveyors of the expedition, which is under the leadership of Mr. V. E. Fuchs, of St. John's College, Cambridge. Earlier in the year the expedition made its way up the western side of the lake with a view to reaching the Omo River at the extreme north end, surveying the country and excavating some important bone bed deposits *en route*. After passing Lokitaung, the northern administrative and army outpost in Kenya, they had to be accompanied by an armed guard, on account of the unsettled state of the area known as the

of the scattered Turkana tribe, and news, which travels at so surprising a speed among primitive peoples, should have filtered through to the administrative headquarters well before this. It is possible that an accident has occurred while scaling the numerous volcanoes with which the island is studded. There are no human beings and almost certainly no wild beasts on the island except crocodiles, and experience on a previous expedition on another island of Lake Rudolf, in 1931, showed that little need be feared from these creatures except in the water. The final solution, which is bound to become more likely if search from the air does not reveal the whereabouts of the missing men, is that their craft has succumbed to heavy seas—or possibly was upset by a hippopotamus; "folding" boats are rather apt to turn into "collapsible" boats in the kind of short, steep seaway which a tropical storm raises on the African lakes.

Lake Rudolf holds her secrets well, and many are the hardships which previous explorers have had to suffer in



A TURKANA WARRIOR: ONE OF A TRIBE, DWELLING ON THE WESTERN SHORES OF LAKE RUDOLF, WHO HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO REPORT ANY DISCOVERY RELATING TO DR. DYSON AND MR. MARTIN, WHO DISAPPEARED WHEN EXPLORING AN ISLAND IN THE LAKE.

biological survey of the central section of Lake Rudolf, mapped and studied Central Island. Then, in 1932, North Island was visited, in a folding canoe even more fragile than the one now used for explorations in the south, by Mr. Wynn Harris, a district officer in Kenya, who was chosen for the recent Mount Everest climbing expedition and, with Wager, made the first attempt on the summit and picked up the ice axe which once belonged to Mallory or Irvine.

The general formation of Crocodile Island is probably very similar to that of South Island: great masses of black lava rear up to deep volcanic craters which receive and reflect the great heat like ovens; the shade temperature rises to between 105 and 115 degrees every day.

And in several of the craters, hidden from view, lie a unique series of deep crater-lakes, with dark-green scummy water infested with crocodiles, huge yellow and black water tortoises, and slimy cat-fish. One such lake on Crocodile Island is formed by three craters, which must have been blown together by the last efforts of volcanic upheaval; but even now volcanic activity is not dead, for in places little fumeroles emit smoke and fumes from smouldering sulphur. Around the crater lakes and the main shoreline of the island lie bands of crocodiles taking the sun, digesting or guarding their eggs buried in the sand, crocodiles so tame that one could photograph them at a few yards' range, and force had to be applied before they would move. There is very little vegetation, but a few bushes, fed by seepage water from the lake, provide enough wood to light a fire.

Such are the conditions which must apply very closely to the island where Dyson and Martin were probably marooned, but the islands of Lake Rudolf are not unpleasant places for a stay to anyone who does not mind heat and who has a bent for natural history or geology. There is a variety of shore life and birds which are tame because they have no experience of man's cruel ways; and there is the fascinating problem of the history of Lake Rudolf, for once it was a lake five or six times as big as now and poured its waters to the Nile from its northern end.

Moreover, there should have been no lack of food and drink for the two explorers. They are sure to have fish-hooks, which means a supply of great Nile perch, weighing up to 250 pounds, and other smaller but more delicate kinds; they are sure to have guns, and Egyptian geese abound on all the islands, with occasional duck; and if they had a little citric acid, they could make a remarkably refreshing effervescent drink by adding a pinch or two to a glass of lake water.

Boats which have invaded those turbulent waters are few; some fifteen years ago an Arab dhow was taken up in sections and built on the shore for the purpose of running food up the lake to detachments of troops, but the lake resented it, and one night blew her away when the crew were on shore; nothing has been seen of her since. Then the 1930-31 expedition transported a metal lifeboat for the exploration of the central part of the lake, but she had to be returned to the Lake Victoria steamer where she belonged. Since then two small dinghies have been taken to the west shore in order to teach the Turkana natives how to catch fish for food.



"THE KIND OF SHORT, STEEP SEAWAY WHICH A TROPICAL STORM RAISES ON THE AFRICAN LAKES": HEAVY BREAKERS BLOWN UP BY THE PREVALENT SOUTH-EASTERLY WINDS ON LAKE RUDOLF, BY WHICH THE EXPLORERS' FRAIL FOLDING BOAT MAY HAVE BEEN SUNK.

Höhnel Island lies some five miles off the south-east shore of Lake Rudolf, and the strong prevalent wind, which raises a heavy swell in the open water farther north, blows from the south-east with little relaxation. This makes a voyage to the island comparatively easy, but the return against wind and sea difficult, if not dangerous. "Folding" boats are rather apt to turn into "collapsible" boats," the author of the article on this page observes, "in the kind of short, steep seaway which a tropical storm raises on the African lakes."

"Malembe triangle." This naturally incommoded transport and work, but some important surveys and collections were made. Subsequently, after returning south, the expedition moved to the south-east corner of the lake to study the fascinating eastern escarpment of the Rift Valley, and to explore and map the southerly volcanic island, which had never previously been visited. It was here that the present misfortune is presumed to have occurred.

The two men left their base on the south-east shore of the lake at the beginning of August in a folding boat fitted with a small out-board motor. By Aug. 14 prearranged signals had not been received by the base party on the mainland for so long that the leader, Mr. Fuchs, telegraphed to Nairobi for Government assistance in searching for the missing men, and himself set out round the inhospitable southern shore, composed of broken and cutting lava-rock, in case Dyson and Martin had been stranded on the main shore of the lake and were making an arduous journey back on foot without provisions. Later, an aeroplane—a Wilson Airways Puss Moth—was chartered in Nairobi to assist in the search.

Several difficulties might have overcome the explorers. The southern island, called Höhnel Island after the explorer, lies some five miles off the south-east shore of the lake, and the strong prevalent wind, which causes an enormous swell in the open water farther north, blows from the south-east with little relaxation. This makes a voyage to the island comparatively easy, but the return, against wind and sea, is bound to be arduous and even dangerous. Perhaps the motor has failed, which would delay return until there is an almost dead calm. The men may therefore have been living on South Island, unable to return on account of severe weather; and actually, on a previous trip to the island, they were delayed on this account for five days. On the other hand, they may have been blown out of their course and stranded on the distant shore of Lake Rudolf, where there is practically no population. But in this case they are likely to have established contact with some members

that arid region, where food and water, except the soda lake water, which is unpleasant to drink, are hard to find, but as yet she has taken no toll of European life. Every white man travelling in that region has come through, though the first expedition of Count Teleki and Ludwig von Höhnel, who discovered the lake, lost a number of native porters, exhausted with thirst by the wayside.

Apart from South Island, which, by the way, should be called Höhnel Island, since the famous geologist Suess first named it after its co-discoverer, there are two other islands in the lake—Central (or Crocodile) Island and North Island. Neither of these was visited until 1931, when the Cambridge Expedition to the East African lakes made a geographical and



A VIEW OF CROCODILE ISLAND, WHICH PROBABLY CLOSELY RESEMBLES THAT EXPLORED BY DR. DYSON AND MR. MARTIN: A BARREN SPOT WHERE THE SHADE TEMPERATURE RISES TO 115 DEG. IN THE DAY; WITH GREEN, SCUMMY CRATER LAKES INFESTED WITH CROCODILES, TURTLES, AND SLIMY CAT-FISH.

HALF A MILE UNDER THE SEA: DR. BEEBE'S 2510-FT. BATHYSPHERE DESCENT.



DR. BEEBE'S DESCENT TO 2510 FEET BELOW SEA-LEVEL:
THE TWO-TON IRON BATHYSPHERE BEING LOWERED INTO
THE SEA OFF ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA.



THE OCCUPANTS OF THE BATHYSPHERE AFTER THEIR DESCENT:
DR. WILLIAM BEEBE (LEFT) AND HIS ASSISTANT AND FILM
PHOTOGRAPHER, MR. OTIS BARTON.



(LEFT) MISS GLORIA
HOLLISTER, ON THE
TOWING BARGE,
TAKING DOWN
DR. BEEBE'S NOTES
COMMUNICATED
BY TELEPHONE
WHILE HE WAS
2510 FEET BELOW
THE SURFACE:
THE WOMAN WHO
LATER DESCENDED
1028 FEET IN THE
BATHYSPHERE.

(RIGHT) AN ANXIOUS TIME
FOR THOSE ON THE TOW-
ING BARGE DURING THE
THREE HOURS THAT THE
BATHYSPHERE WAS
UNDER WATER: MISS
GLORIA HOLLISTER
TAKING NOTES IN SHORT-
HAND FROM DR. BEEBE.



THE BARGE USED BY DR. BEEBE AND MR. BARTON FOR THEIR DESCENT INTO THE OCEAN
DEPTHS OFF BERMUDA: THE BRIGHT-BLUE BATHYSPHERE SLUNG OVER THE BOWS.

On August 11, eight miles off St. George, Bermuda, Dr. William Beebe, the American scientist whose work we have illustrated so often, and Mr. Otis Barton, his assistant and photographer, descended in their two-ton iron bathysphere to 2510 feet below sea-level, a greater ocean depth than had ever been reached before. Mr. Barton took film pictures of their strange surroundings, while Dr. Beebe talked by telephone to Miss Gloria Hollister, who sat on deck taking shorthand notes. A searchlight showing through the quartz windows of the bathysphere attracted all kinds of fish, some of them phosphorescent and looking like "stars gone mad," others like lighted Christmas trees and roman candles. At 2300 feet, after passing through inky-black water, Dr. Beebe reported a flash of light turquoise—"the loveliest blue I ever saw." He said also: "Every dive convinces me of the futility of trying to get a true idea of deep-sea life through drag-nets. Many deep-sea creatures are such rapid swimmers that they can easily get away from nets." Four days later, as reported in our last issue, the two adventurers made a similar and even deeper descent, this time to 3028 feet. They found larger fish the deeper they went. They reached the extreme safety limit of the cable, when the pressure was about half a ton to the square inch on the body of the bathysphere, and nineteen tons on each quartz window. Dr. Beebe said afterwards that he would attempt no more record descents, which he considers have no scientific value. On future dives he would check the habits of fish already seen.



THE END OF ONE OF THE STRANGEST JOURNEYS EVER MADE BY MAN
DR. BEEBE CLAMBERING OUT OF THE BATHYSPHERE ON TO THE DECK

The following article (of which we omit the beginning for reasons of space) relates to the discovery, by Italian archaeologists, of many large mosaics in a Roman seaside villa (called the Villa del Nilo) on the site of Leptis Magna in Tripoli, North Africa. In a footnote, Dr. Butler states: "There is a full and richly illustrated account of the villa in 'Africa Italiana' for January to July, 1933, by Professor Guidi, and I must here express my great obligation to him and to the Ministry of the Colonies at Rome for their generous permission to reproduce illustrations from that magazine."

THE title of the house was given by the Italian savants because of its Egyptian associations. In fact, a large mosaic panel represents what they justly call an allegory of *il Nilo Fertilizzatore*. But the mosaics of the Villa del Nilo reveal also the owner's strong passion for sea-fishing and sea-creatures of all sorts. The marine fauna are drawn with vital skill and scientific accuracy, which can only have been achieved by long study and practice (Figs. 3 and 4). Many of these Mediterranean fishes can be identified at a glance, while others are less familiar in Northern waters. In one picture, by the way, is shown a remarkable "monster," with a head rather like that of a horse, a strong neck, and a tapering, serpentine body (Fig. 1). One cannot doubt that it represents an animal which, if not common, was at least well known to the coastal fisherman at Leptis. This conclusion is borne out by the fact that in the same picture is shown a boat containing two men engaged in fishing. This mosaic panel, however, came from Gurgi, and is now in the archaeological museum at Tripoli. But the practice of combining fish with fishing scenes is abundantly illustrated in another panel (our Fig. 4) shown by Professor Guidi. In this are seen a sailing-boat in which one man has captured a good fish by trolling, a smaller rowing-boat in which the stern passenger is balancing a trident to throw, and a solitary rod-and-line angler holding a basket for his prey.

But of all these sea-pictures, not one can compare in interest with that shown in our illustration (Fig. 5) in which are seen two anglers fishing with rod and line from a rock. Here, fortunately, the scale of the drawing is large enough to furnish facts altogether novel in the history of angling. The elder man is sitting down and is adjusting or renewing his bait (possibly a fly), while the younger, half-kneeling, has hooked a goodly fish, is holding his rod in the left hand, and is playing his prey into a hand landing-net held in his right hand. Now, it is no exaggeration to say that, previous to the discovery of this Leptis mosaic, no delineation of a hand landing-net and no documentary evidence of its existence in antiquity were known. Mr. Radcliffe, in his classic work, "Fishing in the Ancient World," shows no inkling or suspicion of any such instrument in the Mediterranean or elsewhere; and, if there had been, the width and penetration of his researches into the lore of the ancient world could hardly have failed to discover it. (He has confirmed this lack of knowledge in correspondence with the writer.) This is not merely the earliest known and the only known drawing of a Roman landing-net, but it is exceedingly curious as resembling a type which has only been in use by anglers in this country in recent years, and may be regarded as the most modern form of landing-net. The Leptis net has a short handle, and two wooden limbs forming a fork from which the actual mesh is suspended. If anyone will look at Messrs. Hardy's latest catalogue, he will find there illustrations of a precisely similar landing-net. In the Leptis mosaic the angler is holding the fork open with finger and thumb, while in the English model the fork can be opened by a mere shake of the handle, and is held open by a catch or spring. Nevertheless, the correspondence in design between the ancient and the modern instrument is the more striking because there is no record of its continuous survival in the ancient world, and no trace of any after development which might have led up to the finished English model of to-day.

The Italian archaeologists at Leptis, with all their zeal and learning, seem totally unaware of the absorbing interest of their discovery to the angling world. Neither Professor Guidi nor any one of his Italian colleagues at Leptis makes any allusion to this landing-net. This same picture

ROMAN FISHING METHODS REVEALED IN MOSAICS:

FIRST OR SECOND CENTURY MOSAICS FROM LEPTIS MAGNA, REPRESENTING FISH AND ANGLING METHODS, INCLUDING A LANDING-NET THAT ANTICIPATED THE LATEST MODERN TYPE.

By A. J. BUTLER, D. Litt., Author of "Sport in Classic Times." (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

of the two rod-and-line anglers suggests another enquiry. It will be noticed that the rod which has hooked the fish is bent in all its length into a beautiful curve. One cannot doubt that the artist so actually beheld it. The question arises, how was this regular curve produced? Now, if the

would not have resisted a heavy strain. There must, therefore, have been some kind of attachment by which the line was carried down close along the rod to the point near the butt at which it was fastened. How was this done? It is tempting to think that rings

were employed, as in a modern rod. There is no evidence, literary or pictorial, for any such arrangement; but the skill of the Romans in metal-work makes the conjecture of rings or other metal attachment for the line by no means impossible, or even improbable.

But to return to the landing-net. There is another fine and elaborate mosaic picture of seafaring and sea fishing from the Villa del Nilo, and in this the actors are all winged *amorini*, fishing, rowing a ship, racing on dolphins, or flying in the air with baskets of fish balanced on a pole. One boy, half-standing on a sunken amphora, is holding a net which either wind or tide bellies out forward, and which seems to contain a fish or two. And here it is obvious that the net is the same kind of forked landing-net used by the angler on the rock, though on this smaller design the net is not employed to land a hooked fish, but thrown out more at random in hope of catching a wandering fish. But the little angler holds in each hand one of the wooden limbs of the fork, and the net does not appear to have any handle.

So much, then, for these Roman mosaics, and their revelation of a landing-net in use on the shores of Africa in Roman times, nearly two thousand years ago—a use, one may repeat, hitherto totally unrecorded and unsuspected. But the surprise does not end here. By accidental good fortune, I have discovered evidence which seems to carry back the forked landing-net for another twenty-five or twenty-six centuries.

In de Morgan's "Origines de l'Egypte" (Vol. I., p. 176, fig. 518) is given a line-drawing of an Egyptian fishing-scene—a bas-relief from the tomb of Mera, at Saqqarah, dating from the 6th Dynasty (Fig. 2). The date may be put with reasonable probability between 2600 and 2750 B.C., so that it is at least twenty-five centuries earlier than the Leptis mosaic. I have reproduced de Morgan's illustration to show that the forked hand-net was used in Egypt at that early epoch. It

is true that this net is not precisely identical with that depicted in the Roman fishing-scene at Leptis. The Egyptian forked net resembles that in the *amorini* mosaic in having no handle; it is kept open by the fingers of the fisherman at the fork, and its purpose seems to be not for landing a good fish already hooked, but rather for plunging in the water among a shoal of small fishes. No fewer than four separate examples of this net occur in the same bas-relief, and may be taken as proving that the forked net was in common use in Egypt on the Nile at that remote epoch, some 5000 years ago. It is therefore an inescapable deduction that the Roman forked landing-net was only a copy or development of the Egyptian instrument, and it is almost certain that the Roman owner of the Villa del Nilo either used a modified form of the Egyptian hand-net such as had already become customary in the Roman angling world, or himself adapted the traditional Egyptian form to a use corresponding to that of the modern angler's landing-net by adding a short handle below the fork.

Given, then, this form of landing-net in early Roman times—it must be either first or second century A.D.—and given its great previous antiquity, it is a matter for surprise not merely that there is no record of any subsequent development of this device in the Roman world, or on the shores of the Mediterranean anywhere, but that there is no evidence at all for the use by the ancients of any landing-net whatever over a period of nearly two thousand years. Indeed, the discovery of this landing-net is by no means the least remarkable or the least interesting of the many and brilliant discoveries made by the Italian archaeologists in Tripoli, however unconscious they were of its importance.



FIG. 1. INCLUDING A REMARKABLE "MONSTER" WITH HORSE-LIKE HEAD AND FORE-LEGS AND TAPERING SERPENTINE BODY: A ROMAN MOSAIC FROM GURGI (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE LEPTIS MAGNA EXAMPLES), SHOWING ALSO TWO MEN FISHING FROM A BOAT.

line were merely fastened to the top of the rod, there would be very great risk of the top snapping off with even a moderately heavy fish in play, and further, the same continuous



FIG. 2. NEWLY CITED EVIDENCE THAT THE FORKED LANDING-NET OF ROMAN TIMES (SHOWN IN FIG. 5 OPPOSITE) HAD BEEN USED IN EGYPT 25 OR 26 CENTURIES EARLIER: A LINE-DRAWING OF AN EGYPTIAN FISHING SCENE COPIED FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN A SAQQARAH TOMB DATING FROM THE 6TH DYNASTY (2600 TO 2750 B.C.), SHOWING, IN THE UPPER SECTION, TOWARD THE RIGHT, FOUR EXAMPLES OF SUCH LANDING-NETS.

graceful curve of rod and line could hardly exist; a break in the curve must have shown at some point. If this reasoning is sound, we are facing the unsolved problem of the manner in which rod and line were connected and made to work together in Roman times. How was the strain on the rod distributed? There is reason to think that the jointed rod was known in the ancient world, but that fact alone would not remove the difficulty. For, in order to

ROMAN SEA-ANGLING SOME 1800 YEARS AGO:
FISH AND GEAR; A HITHERTO UNKNOWN LANDING-NET.



FIG. 3. SEA-FISH OF A TYPE FAMILIAR TO ROMAN ANGLERS OFF THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST IN THE FIRST AND SECOND CENTURIES A.D.: ONE OF THE MOSAICS FROM THE VILLA DEL NILO AT LEPTIS MAGNA. (SEE DETAILS GIVEN IN THE FOOTNOTE ON THIS PAGE.)

THE historic interest of these mosaics for anglers, especially in relation to the landing-nets shown in Fig. 5 and Fig. 2 opposite, is fully discussed there in the article by Dr. A. J. Butler. The photographs in Figs. 3 and 4 have been submitted to experts of the Natural History Museum with a view to identifying the fish, and their conclusions are as follows. In Fig. 3 (left to right, beginning

(Continued below.)



FIG. 4. A MOSAIC COMBINING FISH WITH FISHING-SCENES: AN EXAMPLE SHOWING A SAILING-BOAT WITH A FISH HOOKED BY TROLLING, AND (BELOW, INVERTED) A TRIDENT-THROWER IN A ROWING-BOAT, AND A SINGLE ANGLER WITH A BASKET.



FIG. 5. THE ONLY KNOWN REPRESENTATION OF A ROMAN LANDING-NET, VERY SIMILAR TO THE LATEST MODERN TYPE, AND NOW FOUND TO RESEMBLE ONE USED IN EGYPT TWENTY-FIVE OR TWENTY-SIX CENTURIES EARLIER (SEE FIG. 2 OPPOSITE): A LEPTIS MAGNA MOSAIC OF THE FIRST OR SECOND CENTURY A.D., WHICH RAISES ALSO ANOTHER PROBLEM—HOW THE ROD AND LINE WERE JOINED TO FORM A SINGLE CURVE.

Continued.] at the top) are (1) Cuckoo Wrasse (*Labrus mixtus*); (2) Unidentifiable; (3) Garfish (*Belone* sp.); (4) Gilthead (*Sparus* sp.); (5) Red mullet (*Mullus barbatus*); (6) Black bream (*Cantharus lineatus*); (7)? Wrasse (*Labrus*); (8) Prawn; (9) a Hermit crab in shell of *Murex* (?). In Fig. 4, at the top left corner, is a conventionalised Sea-horse (*Hippocampus*). The two fish next to right, apparently in a trap or basket, are unidentifiable, and so is that on the extreme top right. Beneath it is a prawn. The fish hooked by trolling from a boat may be a Sea Bream (family *Sparidae*), and that to right of it a Grey Mullet (*Mugil* sp.). Just

below the mullet is a Moray (*Muraena* sp.), and the large creature to left is a conventionalised Dolphin, between a crab (left) and a small fish unidentified. Immediately beneath the boat is a Garfish. In the next row (l. to r.) are a crab, an unidentified object, a Red Mullet, and a prawn. Of the next two, above a boat, the left one is a Gilthead; the other unidentified. The fish below the crab is probably a Wrasse. Below it is a Cuttlefish (*Sepia*), above two fish unidentified. To right of these is a Garfish. In the lower right corner is (probably) an Octopus, with a Wrasse to the left and a Marine Worm above.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND" is the book we have been waiting for from Edward Shanks. "Queer Street" was a perfect entertainment, so perfect in its own line that one was afraid he might rest there. "The Enchanted Village" had an atmosphere that indicated untapped reserves. Now comes the novel with a sweep wide enough for him to do clear justice to his gifts. It is the rounded history of a man from his childhood to his early death. In it, as before, the balance is sustained between irony and sympathy.

In the bare outline, there was nothing unusual in Tom Florey's escape from the dead-alive Cornish town where he was born. He was the promising boy who ought to have gone to Oxford from the Grammar School, but was refused his chance by a surly clod of a father. The second and better chance came when he went to Germany, to the eccentric household of the great Dr. Roebel, a man of letters, and the object of Teutonic hero-worship. Tom made a fool of himself with a disreputable young woman under Dr. Roebel's roof: the interview between him and the doctor when he received his dismissal is one of the most delightful chapters. Tom went back to London, and the war came. A weak heart kept him out of it, and he ran swiftly up the ladder of departmental promotion on the home front. But he was one of the coming men who are fated never to arrive. There were three reasons: fecklessness and recklessness in his relations with women, an intelligence too fine-drawn for big business, and the heart failure that was lying in wait for him. Yet, as Dr. Roebel said after he was dead, a man who lives picks up what he finds in front of him on his way through the world. There was much dross in Tom Florey's treasure trove, but he had his pickings of the gold and silver. How richly he lived Mr. Shanks demonstrates to the full.

The immense popularity of "The Goose-Man" in Germany is unlikely to be repeated here. There is a time-lag about it; we happen to be going through a revulsion against the novel of morbid psychology. It may be true that the world is half mad, and Jacob Wassermann's Nuremberg a microcosm in which the larger community is mirrored. "Luminous stench," says Daniel, the suffering musician. "That's good. That's just what the modern world is." Wassermann makes a midden of the present Germany; that is, if his Nuremberg is a typical city. For all that, the hammer-strokes of his technique have beaten out a massive piece of disquieting fiction; and it may be necessary for our enlightenment to read "The Goose-Man."

The title of "This Little World" is apt. Francis Brett Young, at home in his beloved Worcestershire, is a stout believer in the happy breed of Englishmen. The village lives up to the quotation he uses from Milton: "The cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, it betok'ns us not drooping to a fatal decay." The setting inspires the poet rather than the realist in Mr. Brett Young, and it is the countryside that dominates the story of the Squire and his neighbours. The chapter called "Still Life at Uffley" has great beauty, and in "Hammerclavier" the scene is viewed and the music is heard exquisitely through the eyes and ears of a woman clairvoyant with love.

"This Little World" is pure melody. "The Coward," by Anne Meredith, is worked out to the jangle of a shell-shocked man's nerves. Charles Laleham took shelter from his discordant terrors by marrying a woman of uncommon courage and decision. Lesley Laleham, as the plot develops, acted up to her convictions, and enforced a curative treatment that had no room for pity. Pity would be weakness, you see. It is a proof of Miss Meredith's powers that Lesley's strength of character can be accepted, in spite of one's instinctive recoil from her desertion of the miserable Charles. Incidentally, he had committed murder and stood his trial, which imparts a touch of the thriller. It is difficult to believe his degeneracy could be sloughed off; but the case for the wife's action is well put. "The Coward" is a declaration of war upon sentimentality.

The theme of "Joy Befall Thee," by Barbara Willard, is that a woman who had missed the way in her emotional life, and disastrously diverted her daughter's, might realise where and when the wrong turning was taken in time to save a grand-daughter from disaster. It is not an easy subject, premising as it does the continuity of essential character and circumstance in three generations. "Joy Befall Thee" is good; it is very good. It is framed decoratively in the theatrical costumier's old house in Covent Garden. The characters of Emily and Clara and Jane are delightfully imagined. Emily's married life stretches from the mid-Victorian to our own time, and Miss Willard has invested the household and the theatre people who come and go in it with an intimate charm. "The Ante-Room," by Kate O'Brien, is equally intimate in its description of an Irish middle-class family in the early 'eighties.



A TUDOR HOUSE REVEALED BY THE REMOVAL OF TWO FRONTS: THE OLD OAK TIMBER-FRAMEWORK OF "THE CLOSE," SAFFRON WALDEN, WHICH WAS PLASTERED OVER ABOUT 1700, AND, LATER STILL, ENCLOSED IN A BRICKWORK SHELL.

A correspondent writes: "Demolition work on a building known as 'The Close,' at Saffron Walden, Essex, has resulted in the bringing to light of a most interesting old Tudor house, which has probably been lost to sight for 200 years. The original house is supposed to have been built by the monks of the Abbey of Audley End. A plaster front was put on the oak timbers about 1700, and about 1854 a brick casing was erected over the plaster. Both have now been removed by the housebreakers, and the well-preserved oak structure has been disclosed. Efforts are being made to have this fine fifteenth-century relic preserved."

The writing is excellent. The Considines were well-to-do Catholics. There was a desperate love-affair between the daughter and her sister's husband, hopeless from the beginning. The life of the house was centred in the sick-room of the mother, a dying woman who would not die while her invalid son had need of her. The three days of worship and intercession on her behalf are very tenderly described, and they lie at the heart of the story. "The Ante-Room" strikes the mean between the light-humoured Irish novel and its savagely realistic antithesis. Miss O'Brien has applied native wit and the racial sense of tragedy to her subject, and she has achieved a noteworthy contribution to the roll of Irish fiction.

"Hordubal," by Karel Capek, is the story of a Slavonic peasant. Jurai Hordubal was a simple fellow, who came home from America to discover a lover in possession of his wife and farm. The situation had its comic side (one that was not overlooked by the village neighbours), but for Jurai, of course, it was unrelieved tragedy. Polana, his wife, was a decent woman, and Fate had played a sorry trick on the pair of them. Jurai, threshing clumsily about, was a fish gasping in the net, a bewildered, distracted creature. There was no way out; anybody could see that; no wonder murder reared its head to settle him. "Hordubal" is a finished study of primitive folk. "Rumour of Heaven," by Beatrix Lehmann, is an excursion into the haunted circle of an abnormal family. Miranda Peacock, a fugitive from social life, hid her children in the woods;

from dancer and married woman she had reverted to a wild creature. Civilisation was too terrible for Miranda and her brood to face; only in a secret, uninhabited island could they have realised themselves. There they would have shed their claustrophobia—perhaps. In modern England they were lost, the children uncontrollably

queer, and the poor lady definitely deranged. What Miss Lehmann has made of the sad Peacocks is wonderful. "Rumour of Heaven" is, with the odds against it, a lovely and moving book, a supersensitive vision of beauty, of the sanctuaries of wood and river, flowering out of the miasma of mental degeneracy.

"The Cat Jumps," by Elizabeth Bowen, and "The Pageant," by E. H. W. Meyerstein, are collections of short stories. Anything that Miss Bowen writes has a tang. She is one of the most individual of the younger novelists. Her stories are characteristically ironical, "The Cat Jumps" itself being a remarkable game of cup-and-ball played with the macabre. The cat jumps to some purpose in a week-end party at the house where the former occupant, Mr. Bentley—who was hanged—had leisurely dismembered Mrs. Bentley, living, and piecemeal. Each person in the house-party was impelled to a very curious self-revelation by the implications of the crime that closed in upon them on a horrible wet Sunday evening. It is a mordant humour, too, that winks through the bars at the prisoners of unhappy chance in Mr. Meyerstein's collection. These are sardonic, out-of-the-way odds-and-ends, threaded together by a darting intention. The workmanship is often brilliantly experimental, the handiwork of an author whose genius offers him an endless choice of material. To read these sketches is to appreciate his questing spirit, and the beautiful incisiveness of his art. Both "The Pageant" and "The Cat Jumps" are short-story collections of extraordinary interest, highly original in conception, and written with a rare distinction.

Here is a short list of detective stories. It is melancholy to see how composing thrillers cramps the style of a good writer. The public will have what it wants; but there are few people who can turn out a detective novel without the mechanical exigencies of the plot drying up its human juices. For example, we should have been only too pleased to know more of King and Brand and Tasker in "Mystery on Southampton Water," before they dwindled into being merely the quarry of Inspector French and his policemen. But no; Freeman Wills Crofts has to get down to the business of the hunt, and the three men have no separate existence outside the factory and the crime. This may be the reason why the second murder has so little real interest about it, although it was intentional and the first one, that led to it, an accident.

"The Bell is Answered," however, is a really gallant attempt by Roger East to create live people and keep them alive within the limits imposed upon him. On the whole he succeeds; Sina-Thomasina Bosworth is certainly alert and vivacious, and she and Rupert are a spirited pair of adventurers. Mr. East writes with refreshing gaiety. "Murder on the Cliff," by Clive Ryland, is double murder, complete with an out-and-out villain, and ingeniously contrived.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Tom Tiddler's Ground. By Edward Shanks. (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.)
 The Goose-Man. By Jacob Wassermann. (Allen and Unwin; 10s.)
 This Little World. By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)
 The Coward. By Anne Meredith. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 Joy Befall Thee. By Barbara Willard. (Howe; 7s. 6d.)
 The Ante-Room. By Kate O'Brien. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 Hordubal. By Karel Capek. (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.)
 Rumour of Heaven. By Beatrix Lehmann. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
 The Cat Jumps. By Elizabeth Bowen. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 The Pageant and Other Stories. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. (Sidney Press and Simpkin Marshall; 7s. 6d.)
 Mystery on Southampton Water. By Freeman Wills Crofts. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
 The Bell is Answered. By Roger East. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 Murder on the Cliff. By Clive Ryland. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)

THE FINE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE "UNMASKED" AT SAFFRON WALDEN: ONE OF THE "HONEY-COMB" DECORATIONS FOUND BY THE DOOR-POSTS OF THE ANCIENT BUILDING, WHICH WAS ENCASED IN LATER STRUCTURES.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AN EAST AFRICAN POTENTATE TAKES TO THE AIR IN GREAT BRITAIN: SIR OFORI ATTA STEPPING OUT OF THE AEROPLANE AFTER A TRIAL FLIGHT. Sir Ofori Atta, Paramount Chief of Akim Abuakwa State, Gold Coast, who is visiting England, enjoyed his first aeroplane flight at Abridge (Essex) recently. Sir Ofori Atta declared himself to be delighted with his experience. "I would like to see flying encouraged in my territories," he is reported as saying. "I would like to have a light 'plane of my own."

THE KING IN SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY DRIVING FROM CHURCH ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH. The King arrived at Balmoral on August 21, and received a Highland welcome from the Highlanders drawn up in front of the Castle. His Majesty had motored over from Ballater, and was wearing Highland dress. The Duke of Gloucester arrived at the Castle on August 22. Divine service was held in Crathie Parish Church on August 26, and the Duke and Duchess of York visited the King and stayed to luncheon. Her Majesty the Queen was staying at Harewood House at this time, but she travelled to Balmoral on August 27.



THE BISHOP OF RIPON, Dr. E. A. Burroughs, the Bishop of Ripon, died on August 23, at the age of fifty-one. At Oxford he was elected a Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College. He took orders in 1908, and within ten years was appointed to a residentiary canonry in Peterborough Cathedral. He became Dean of Bristol five years later, and was created Bishop of Ripon in 1926.

CANON W. T. HAVARD. Canon W. T. Havard, Vicar of Swansea, was elected Bishop of St. Asaph on August 23, in succession to Archbishop Edwards. He was ordained in 1913 and served as Chaplain to the Forces from 1915 to 1919. After the war he was Chaplain of Jesus College, Oxford. He was Vicar of St. Paul-at-Hook, Surbiton; St. Luke's, Battersea; and of Swansea (1928). He became Canon of Gower in 1930.



MR. C. T. MULLINGS, C.S.I. Indian Service of Engineers (retired). Chief Engineer of the Metur Dam project from 1927 to 1931. Knighted on the occasion of the opening of the Cauvery-Metur Dam by Sir George Stanley, Governor of Madras, on August 21.



MAJOR-GEN. ALEXANDER. A Mons V.C., winning the award for bravery at Elouges on August 24, 1914. Died August 25; aged sixty-three. Subsequently Major-General, R.A., H.Q. First Army. The portrait seen here was taken at the time of his act of gallantry.



CAPTAIN R. B. IRVING. Recently named as the probable commander of the new Cunarder "534." Commander of the "Aquitania." R.N.R. Aide-de-Camp to the King. Served in the war in various naval positions and became naval transport officer in Palestine.



GENERAL HOWARD-VYSE. Appointed Chief of Staff to the Duke of Gloucester during H.R.H.'s visit to Australia for the opening of the centenary celebrations at Melbourne, in October. Captain Arthur Curtis, it was announced, would act as the Duke's private secretary.



MR. H. C. HAMILTON. Famous English racing motorist. Killed when his car skidded during the Swiss Grand Prix race at Berne on August 26. Had had many hairbreadth escapes, particularly when he crashed at Brooklands in 1932 and at Brno, Czechoslovakia, 1933.



MISS PERKINS. U.S. Labour Secretary. Recently stated to have quarrelled with Gen. Johnson over the question of modifying the rigid regulations with which the Recovery Act Codes have ruled industry. Later it was said that Gen. Johnson was remaining head of N.R.A.



MR. JOUETT SHOUSE. President of the new "American Liberty League," formed by U.S. Democrats and Republicans to combat radicalism, preserve the rights of property, and uphold the Constitution. Its members are apprehensive of the effects of the New Deal.



MR. JOHN S. LABATT. Wealthy Canadian brewer. Kidnapped in Ontario, August 14. £30,000 ransom was demanded; but the kidnappers failed to fetch this. Released August 17, without the payment of ransom; a sequel, it is said, to the close police search.



MR. J. S. DAVIE, WITH HIS STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS; TO BE ERECTED IN CANBERRA. A correspondent writes: "Mr. John S. Davie, of Elsternwick, is here seen putting the finishing touches to his statue of Robert Burns. After being sent to Naples to be finished off, this statue will be erected in Canberra. It has been made to the order of the Scotsmen of New South Wales, and will cost £5000."

THE SEVERN BORE AND THE TRENT "ÆGIR": SPECTACULAR

TIDAL PHENOMENA RECENTLY A CENTRE OF INTEREST.



THE SEVERN BORE AS IT APPEARED ON AUGUST 25—ONE OF THE FINEST SEEN FOR YEARS: (ABOVE) A SIDE VIEW TAKEN FROM THE AIR BETWEEN NEWNHAM AND FETHERNE; (BELOW) A FRONT AERIAL VIEW NEAR THE SAME POINT, SHOWING THE BORE AS A WALL OF WATER ADVANCING UP THE RIVER.

Exceptionally fine examples of the tidal phenomenon known as a bore were witnessed on the Rivers Severn and Trent during the week-end August 25 to 27. The Severn bore, in recent years disappointingly small, was one of the finest seen for a long time, and a record crowd of some 20,000 people gathered to watch it at Stonebend, near Gloucester. As it swept round the bend, with its foaming crest sparkling in

the sunshine, the spectators cheered. The Trent bore, known locally as the Ægir (an old Norse term), likewise attracted large crowds. Another "Ægir" is due on September 24, when it will be studied by students from Nottingham University College. Such a scientific investigation, we may recall, was suggested by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, as mentioned in our issue of December 9 last, when we gave comparative

THE TRENT "ÆGIR" (OR BORE), NOW IN FULL FORCE AGAIN, AFTER HAVING ALMOST DISAPPEARED A YEAR AGO: (ABOVE) A VIEW AT RAVENSFLEET, NEAR GAINSBOROUGH, AT 7.45 A.M. ON AUGUST 26; (BELOW) A SIDE VIEW AT OWSTON FERRY, NEAR GAINSBOROUGH, AT 7.25 P.M. ON AUGUST 25, SHOWING A BOAT RIDING THE WAVES.

photographs of the Trent bore and one on a Chinese river. The Trent "Ægir" travels about nine miles an hour, in regularly spaced waves. A year ago it had almost disappeared, partly through floods scouring the river-bed, and partly through the action of a wall at the mouth, causing removal of silt. Now that the Trent has again silted up, the "Ægir" has resumed its full force. A bore, it has been

explained, is caused by flood-tides driving an immense volume of water from the sea into a river, and this water, accumulating in the estuary more rapidly than it can flow upstream, rises in a ridge that rushes over the surface. Other British rivers in which bores occur are the Wye and the Solway. One of the biggest in the world is that on the Brahmaputra, reaching a height of about 12 ft.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



CLIFFORD'S INN, WHICH IS TO BE DEMOLISHED, AND WILL BE REPLACED BY MODERN OFFICES: A VIEW SHOWING THE GREAT HALL.

Clifford's Inn, off Fleet Street, formerly an Inn of Chancery, is to be pulled down. It is stated that the site has been purchased for Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, and that blocks of modern offices will be built there. Clifford's Inn was noted as possessing the best group of houses in the City of London which date back to before the Great Fire.



THE CAMPAIGN FOR SAFER ROADS: THE CONSTRUCTION OF WESTERN AVENUE, IN MIDDLESEX, WITH TWO ROAD-WAYS AND TWO CYCLE-TRACKS.

Western Avenue, another section of which is to be opened in a few months, will embody five miles of what is claimed to be the safest road in England. It will stretch, in Middlesex, from Greenford to Hillingdon. It will cost £300,000, and provide two one-way motor tracks separated by a verge; two one-way cycling tracks of white concrete; and two pedestrian paths. The highway is 90 to 100 feet wide. It is further stated that the various tracks and their kerbs will be distinctively coloured.



HIGHLANDERS TAKE OVER THE GUARDING OF THE LONDON PALACES: THE CEREMONY AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE—THE GUARDS HANDING OVER TO THE CAMERONS.

For the first time in twenty-five years Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace are now guarded by a kilted Scottish regiment. An enormous crowd assembled to see the taking-over ceremony, which was held at St. James's Palace, on August 25, the Court being absent from London. The band of the Coldstream and the pipes of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards played out the retiring guard. The Camerons will guard the palaces for three weeks.



A DEMONSTRATION IN THE SAAR COUNTERING THE NAZI ONE AT EHRENBREITSTEIN: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISTS ASSEMBLED.

Residents in the Saar territory, mainly Socialists and Communists (60,000 or so), gathered at Salzbach on August 26 for a counter-demonstration to that organised by the Nazis at Ehrenbreitstein. They paraded under the banner of the "Liberty Front"—an organisation pledged to fight against the Hitler regime. M. Pfordt, the chief Communist leader in the Saar, declared that the Saar under Herr Hitler would mean war, starvation, and misery.



THE SALVATION ARMY ASSEMBLES TO ELECT A NEW GENERAL: GENERAL HIGGINS, WHO IS RETIRING, ADDRESSING A PRELIMINARY MEETING AT CLAPTON.

The High Council of the Salvation Army met on August 28, at Clapton Congress Hall, to elect a new General. Forty-seven officers—commissioners, lieutenant-commissioners, and commanders—had come from all over the world to elect a successor to General E. J. Higgins, who is resigning on grounds of ill-health. The international aspect of this historic meeting was demonstrated at



THE ASSEMBLY OF SALVATION ARMY LEADERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD: COMMANDER EVA BOOTH, LEADER IN THE U.S.A., SPEAKING.

the reception given at Harrow Weald Park by officers of the "Army." Commander Eva Booth, leader of the "Army" in the U.S.A., was present; India was represented by Commissioner Narayana Muthoah, Ceylon by Lieut.-Commissioner Annie Trounce, and Burma by Colonel Alfred H. Barnett. Lt.-Commissioner A. J. Benwell represented China, and Commissioner Gunpei Yamamuro, Japan.

Owing to pressure of space, the Victoria and Albert Museum "Treasure of the Week" is held over. It consists of a Ming porcelain bowl.

SOUTH AFRICA— LAND OF HEALTH

"Sunshine and blue skies; farms and homesteads nestling among mountains and hills; blossoms of peach and plum filling the valleys with colour; the perfume of orange groves; the profusion of wild flowers; the camp fire and the thrill of wild game in the Lowveld; the picturesque Kraals and laughter-loving Natives; the quest of open roads trailing to far horizons; the sparkling air of the Highveld; sea and sun bathing on golden beaches; the bright warm days and cool starlit nights—these memories and the joyous feeling of health and fitness after my last holiday in South Africa will lure me back there before long."

These are an English visitor's impressions of travel in South Africa.

May we send you our descriptive booklet, "South Africa Calling," to assist you in planning your next overseas tour. The book will be posted gratis on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2





"... sometimes counsel take—
and sometimes tea."

IT will be obvious that the painting illustrated here has been chosen for other than its æsthetic qualities. It is possibly by Jonathan Richardson, though I do not pretend to, certainty on this point, and in any case its authorship is of no importance: what is interesting about it is the light it throws upon the social habits of our ancestors. It is to be classified as a vivid social document and not as a work of art. First as to date. The silver on the table is of the type that was popular about the year 1710 and can hardly be later than 1715; but, as people keep their silver in action, as it were, for many years, the picture may be a little later. If artists were more careful about details of dress than they are (*vide* the shocked comments of the editor of *The Tailor and Cutter* at the Academy), the lady's apparel should be an exact criterion: as it is, styles of hairdressing are normally a safer guide, and the odds are that the painter has devoted more care to the details of the net and silk (?) cap than to the rest of the figure, and I am informed that this can hardly be later than 1720, and may be earlier. In any case, we can be sure that this entertaining picture is an authentic representation of a fairly comfortably-off family of the early eighteenth century at the tea-table—perhaps in the early morning, for I rather suspect the gentleman has just jumped out of bed and thrown a dressing-gown hastily over his nightshirt.

A set of silver tea-things of this early date would, of course, be worth a very large sum to-day, and is worth considering in some detail. Starting from the left is to be seen first a plain, circular sugar-bowl with cover, then the tea-caddy (this last is hexagonal; has the artist made a mistake?—eight sides are usual, but not six). In front, projecting over the edge of the table, is a pair of sugar-tongs made just like coal-tongs, not scissors. Next is an octagonal milk-jug with a cover and a wooden handle; from which it would appear that one used hot milk, unless this is really for hot water and no milk was taken—personally, I incline to the latter view, though I can't prove it. In front is a gadrooned tray used for teaspoons; then, behind, a grooved slop-basin; and finally the teapot, with a bird's-head spout, on a stand. The tea-cup is not yet in fashion—these are blue-and-white bowls, and there was evidently a genteel method among the best people of holding them up; the elder child is less sophisticated and grips hers very sensibly round the body. The smaller girl was obviously considered unsafe with a bowl of tea while posing for her portrait, and is munching a noble slice of bread and butter.

In the second illustration is shown an actual tea and coffee set of some years later, but of hardly less interest. The pieces of which it is composed are of the years 1731 and 32, and the more important items—coffee-pot, teapot, sugar-basin and cover, and pair of

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TEA SETS AND TEA-DRINKERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

tea-caddies—are by one of the Huguenot silversmiths, Pezé Pilleau. The set was evidently made to a special order, for it fits into its original shagreen case—all that is missing is the china, which has gone the way of most china. The two tea-caddies—one for black and the other for green tea (or, in this case, was one for coffee already ground?)—alone are rectangular; the other items exhibit a series of comfortable, not to say noble, curves. They represent a singularly pleasant period, when Queen Anne was not yet forgotten, and before a passion for elaborate adornment began to transform

In the painting the sugar-basin is plain and the slop-basin grooved—here the contrary is the case. It is worth noting that the sugar is kept beneath a cover, a point that modern designers in an age of hygiene might imitate more often. The tongs are now of the scissor type, and a small tray for spoons is still provided. Not the least interesting and practical utensil of the set is the spoon on the right of the left-hand group; it is pierced for use as a strainer, and the handle narrows to a point so that it can be put down the spout of the teapot in the event of trouble. The

teapot is, to me, one of those remarkably satisfactory shapes which combine utility with good line and yet preserve an air of solid comfort. As to the first point, the elongated spout means no horrid dripping, and the wide sweep of the handle gives a proper grip: it also gives a fine balance, and the same, æsthetically speaking, is true of the relations between handle and spout of the coffee-pot; you feel that the maker has known to a millimetre where the point of attachment should come, and I wonder how much equally good domestic gear will be seen in the exhibition of Industrial Art to be held at Burlington House next winter—not that we want the modern maker to give us copies of the old, but we do want him to produce something equally efficacious for its purpose. Pilleau knew all about "functional" design a couple of hundred years before the expression was coined. Lest I should be accused of making irreverent use of the jargon of the contemporary critic of art, I hasten to add that the best craftsmen have always realised that the first business of a teapot has been to be an efficient receptacle for the infusing and pouring out of tea, and that shape and line were dependent upon utility. It seems to me, also, that in this case the maker really has catered, all unknowing, for the prejudices of most of

us—he has given us not only a practical utensil, but a pot which, by its very shape, conjures up visions of muffins and fireside comfort; for I am one of those who hold strongly to the doctrine that tea is a beverage that tastes all the better when it is poured from so rotund and dignified a vessel, reminding one vaguely of a plum-pudding or of the more glorious sort of cream-bun. But this is bringing me dangerously near a purely metaphysical disquisition on the art of tea-drinking in civilised communities.

I return to a severely practical question. Is the milk-jug in the painting really a milk-jug or a hot-water jug? The best people say the former, and I say the latter. I have other, but much smaller, examples of covered jugs put before me, which are certainly meant for milk—I think for cold milk, for the handles are of silver, and the cover, to my mind, is there to protect the contents from dust and the suicidal instincts of flies. I reply triumphantly that the tea visible in the paint-

ing, that in the man's hand, is definitely dark brown and shows no trace of milk, and it is reasonable to suppose that there were plenty of people then, as now, who preferred to drink so precious an infusion without any addition at all. After all, is it not a barbarous habit of ours—this adulteration of tea with milk? It is a sort of desecration, and one which still shocks the worthy Chinese!



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the designs of both furniture and silver. Only in one particular does this set seem to hint at coming changes—that is in the cream-jug, which is very definitely a harbinger of the future: carry this stumpy but agree-




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able shape a little further, give it an additional twist or two and a line or so of heavy chasing, and you find yourself looking at a typical piece of the 1740's. How restrained decoration is in the early thirties of the century is seen to extraordinary advantage in the tray, with the distinguished engraving and an outline broken enough to be interesting; yet as symmetrical as the most rigid classicist could wish.

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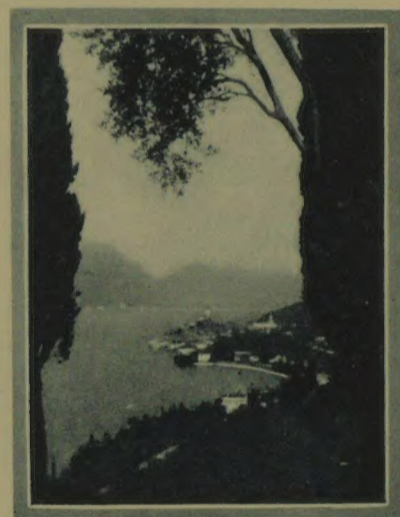
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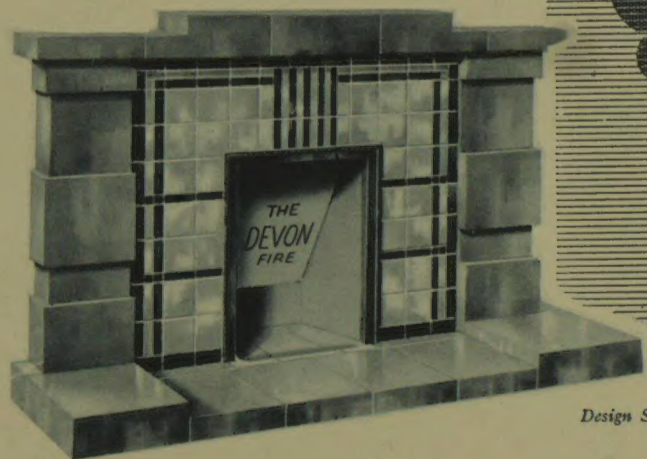
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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

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SOME SPAS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

WE are apt to forget that the new and flourishing country of Czechoslovakia contains spas and holiday resorts which were world-famed long before the war. Of these, none has greater claims to popular fame than Carlsbad, in Bohemia, not far from the German border. It lies in a most picturesque situation amongst the precipitous pine-forested hills of the Erzgebirge, over a thousand feet above sea level and at the junction of two mountain streams, the Ohře and the Tepl. Its renowned thermal springs—of which the Sprudel is the best known, yielding four million bottles of water yearly, and over a hundred thousand kilos of salts, besides supplying 23,500 goblets of water daily during the high season and feeding all the bathing establishments—are said to date their discovery from the time of the Emperor Charles IV. Certain it is, however, that they have been utilised for their wonderful curative properties since the beginning of the sixteenth century, and their popularity is undoubtedly very great to-day. The thermal establishments are perfectly fitted, on the most hygienic and up-to-date lines, and the arrangements for sport and amusement include a casino and a theatre, orchestral concerts, numerous tennis courts, a golf-course,

and facilities for fishing, whilst sometimes races are held, and well-kept paths enable visitors to explore and enjoy the charming scenery of such wooded heights as the König Otto's Höhe, the Dreikreuzberg, and the Aberg. Carlsbad has excellent hotels, well graded as to price; it has a gay social life; and it is very easy of access, having direct connections by rail with Calais, Paris, Ostend, and the Hook of Holland.

Not far from Carlsbad—with which it is connected by a local railway—is Jachymov, or, as it is better known, Joachimstal, which also has an international reputation as a spa, gained in the year 1898, when Mme. Curie and her husband discovered the marvellous properties of radium, and it was found that the waters of Joachimstal were strongly radio-active. In fact, they are said to contain the highest percentage of radium of any waters in the world, and radium treatment, by the direct rays, as well as by the radio-active waters, is the speciality of Joachimstal. It is but natural, therefore, that the leading hotel and thermal establishment, which is State-owned, has been given the name of the Radium Palace Hotel. It is situated in the midst of splendid scenery, is a building of three hundred rooms, with all modern equipment, with its own orchestra, tennis courts, garages, with living accommodation for chauffeurs, a café in the delightful wooded grounds about the hotel, charming walks, and good bathing—just the place for an enjoyable holiday cure.

About thirty miles south of Carlsbad is Marienbad, just over two thousand feet up among gently sloping hills, clad with pine forests and with mineral springs of which some are extremely ferruginous, and are said to be the richest in iron of all chalybeate waters used for curative purposes. Ferruginous peat-baths are also a great feature of the cure at Marienbad, which was one of the favourite spas of King Edward VII., and which, with very attractive surrounding scenery and excellent facilities for sports and amusement, combined with a good range of up-to-date hotels, retains its old-time renown.

Pistany is a charming spa in Slovakia, situated in the wide, fertile valley of the River Waag, 530 feet high, and surrounded by slopes of the Little Carpathians. It has a number of hot sulphur springs which rise from an island in the Waag, known as the "Island of Springs," and which are continually ejecting quantities

of volcanic mud which is of great curative value, especially for rheumatism, since it is highly charged with radio-active properties. The place has splendid hotels and bathing establishments, a fine spa hall, in



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